

GOLD
KEY

THE FLINTSTONES

15c

HANNA-BARBERA

THE FLINTSTONES

and PEBBLES

10006-005
MAY



THE FLINTSTONES

THE TOY PLOY

STOP STARING,
FLINTSTONE! I'M NOT IN
MY SECOND CHILDHOOD!
THE DOLL IS FOR MY
GRANDDAUGHTER!

TOYS
FOR
TOTS



HEH! HEH!
IT'S A
REAL
BEAUTY,
BOSS!



THERE'S NOTHING
TOO GOOD FOR
LITTLE
GRANITA!

THAT'S
WHAT I
SAY ABOUT
MY LITTLE
PEBBLES!



JUST NAME THE TOY
AND HER DADDY GETS
IT FOR HER!

RIGHT! NOTHING'S
TOO GOOD FOR
OUR KIDS!



OF COURSE, ON MY SALARY IT ISN'T
EASY, BUT MY PEBBLES
MUST HAVE
THE BEST!

I ADMIRE
YOUR SENTIMENT!



SAY, FLINTSTONE, WHY DON'T I
BRING LITTLE GRANITA
OVER TO PLAY WITH
PEBBLES?



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THE FLINTSTONES, No. 58, May, 1970. Published bi-monthly by Western Publishing Company, Inc., North Road, Poughkeepsie, New York 12602. Second-class postage paid at Poughkeepsie, New York. Subscription price in the U.S.A. \$1.00 per year; foreign subscriptions \$1.55 per year; Canadian subscriptions \$1.30 per year. All rights reserved throughout the world. Authorized edition. Printed in U.S.A.
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GOOD! I'LL BRING HER OVER IN HALF AN HOUR! WE CAN TALK OVER COMPANY AFFAIRS! IT OCCURS TO ME THAT A DEVOTED FAMILY MAN LIKE YOU SHOULD GO UP IN MY ORGANIZATION!

YES, SIR!

YABBA DABBA DOO!

WHERE'S PEBBLES?

OUT BACK! WHY?

I'VE GOT GOOD NEWS! SHE'S HAVING COMPANY!

OH, NO!

DA DA!

WILMA!

WHAT ON EARTH IS THE MATTER, FRED?

WHAT HAPPENED TO ALL PEBBLES' TOYS? ALL SHE'S GOT HERE IS JUNK... BUSTED TOYS!

DON'T YOU REMEMBER?
SHE NEVER PLAYED WITH
THOSE NEW TOYS SHE
GOT ON HER BIRTHDAY!

OKAY!
OKAY! BUT
WHERE ARE
THEY?

YOU FUSSED SO MUCH ABOUT YOUR
GOLF CLUBS BEING CROWDED OUT
OF THE CLOSET I GAVE ALL HER
STUFF TO THE ORPHANS' HOME!

ONE THING FOR
SURE...WE'LL GET
RID OF *THIS*
OLD STUFF!

FRED! THAT
OLD DOLL
IS HER
FAVORITE!

DON'T YOU WORRY, HONEY! DADDY WILL
GET YOU A GREAT BIG
BEAUTIFUL
NEW
DOLL!

WAH!

THIS GOES TO
THE DUMP!

CRASH!

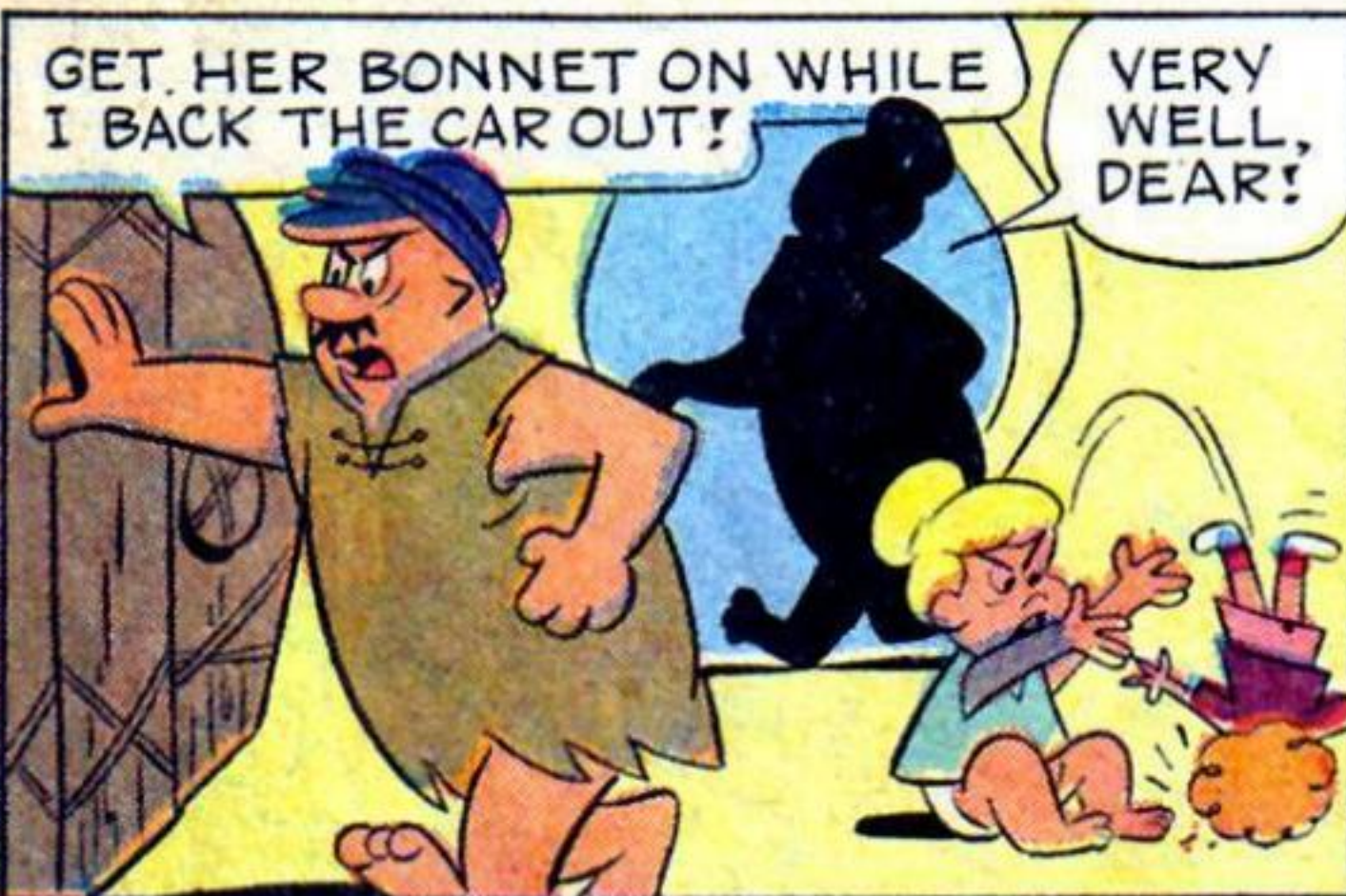
TRASH

GET HER CLEANED UP AND
IN HER BEST DRESS! I'LL
BE RIGHT BACK!

WHERE ARE
YOU GOING?

TO BUY SOME NEW TOYS SO THE BOSS WILL
GIVE ME A PROMOTION!

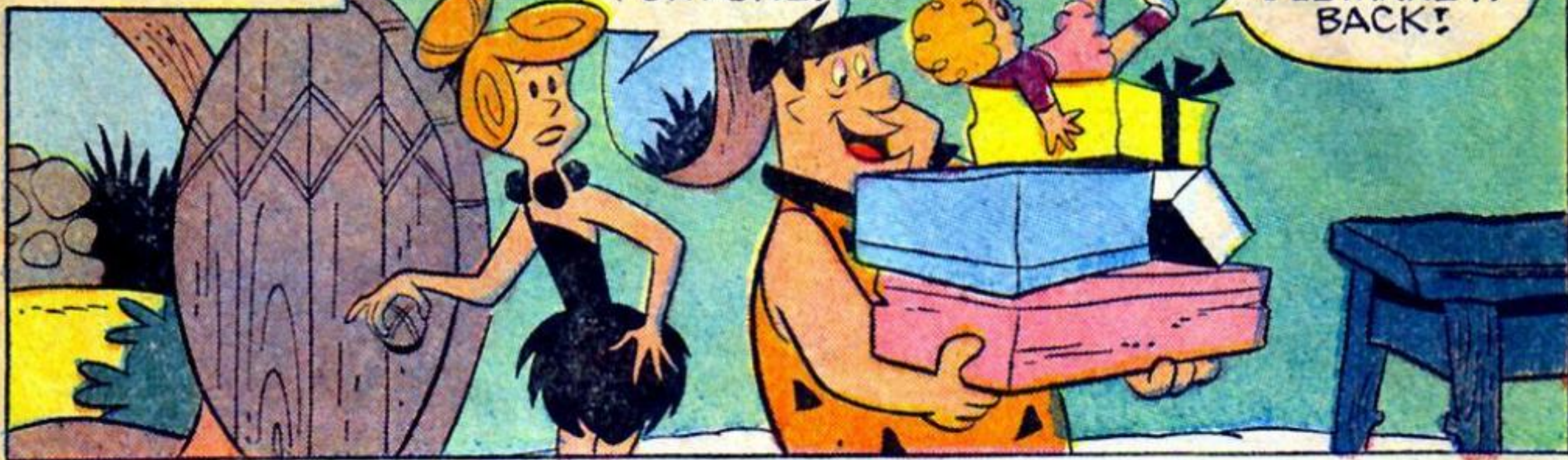
OF ALL
THE
SILLY
THINGS!



MEANTIME...

THAT STUFF MUST'VE COST A FORTUNE!

NEVER MIND!
I'LL MAKE IT BACK!



WE'LL PUT ALL HER NEW PLAYTHINGS OUT HERE IN BACK!



I HOPE PEBBLES IS READY!

SHE'S DRESSED BUT NOT VERY HAPPY! REALLY, FRED...YOU SHOULDN'T'VE THROWN HER DOLL AWAY!



THERE, HONEY! YOUR TEA PARTY IS ALL SET UP! SIT RIGHT HERE AT THE PRETTY TABLE AND HOLD YOUR NEW DOLLY!



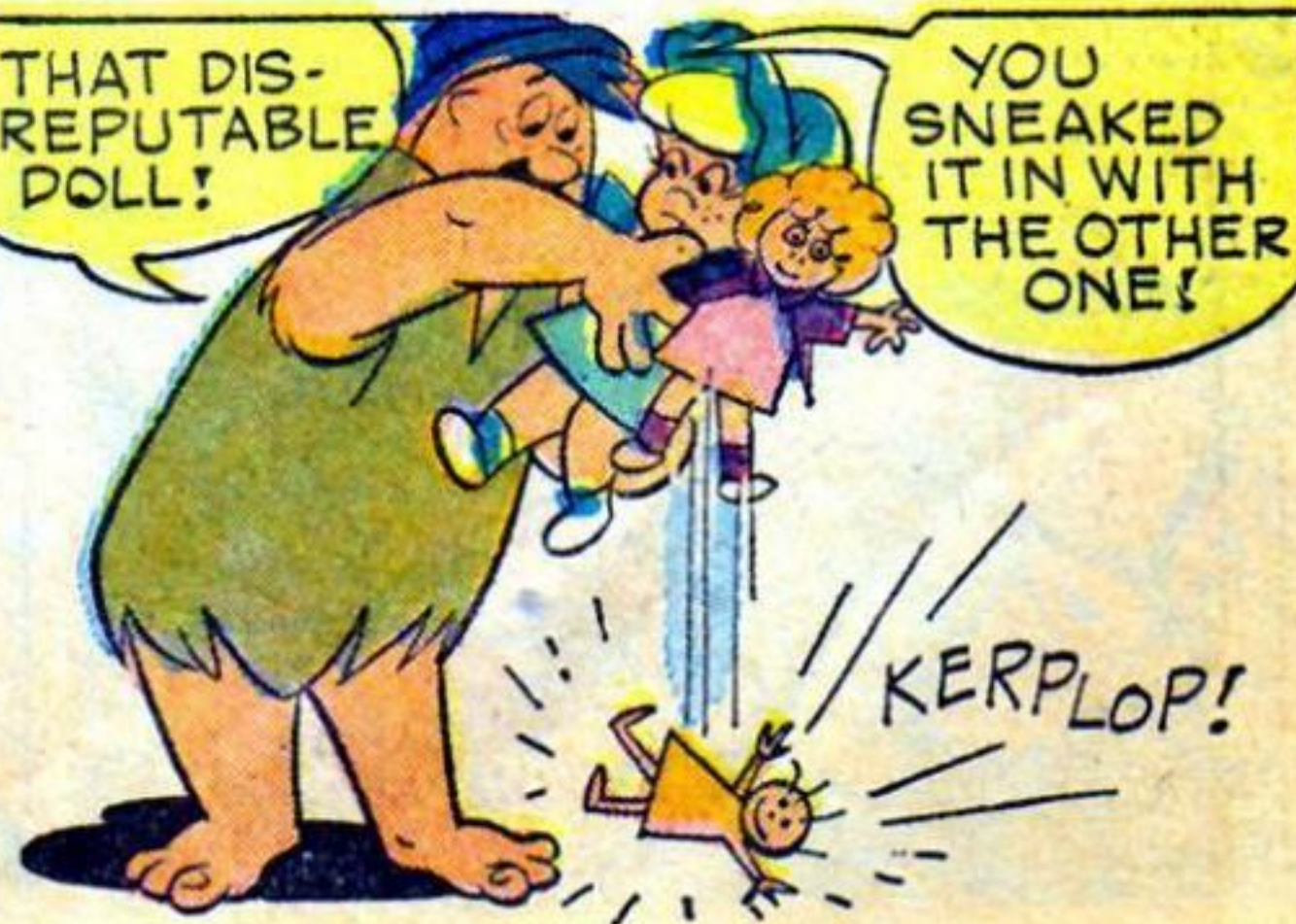
HERE COMES YOUR BOSS, FRED!

HERE WE ARE, SNOOKUMS! GET OUT AND MEET YOUR NEW FRIEND!



THAT DIS-REPUTABLE DOLL!

YOU SNEAKED IT IN WITH THE OTHER ONE!



KERPLOP!



WAIT! THEY COULDN'T'VE GONE FAR!

HOLD IT! I THINK I KNOW WHERE THEY ARE!



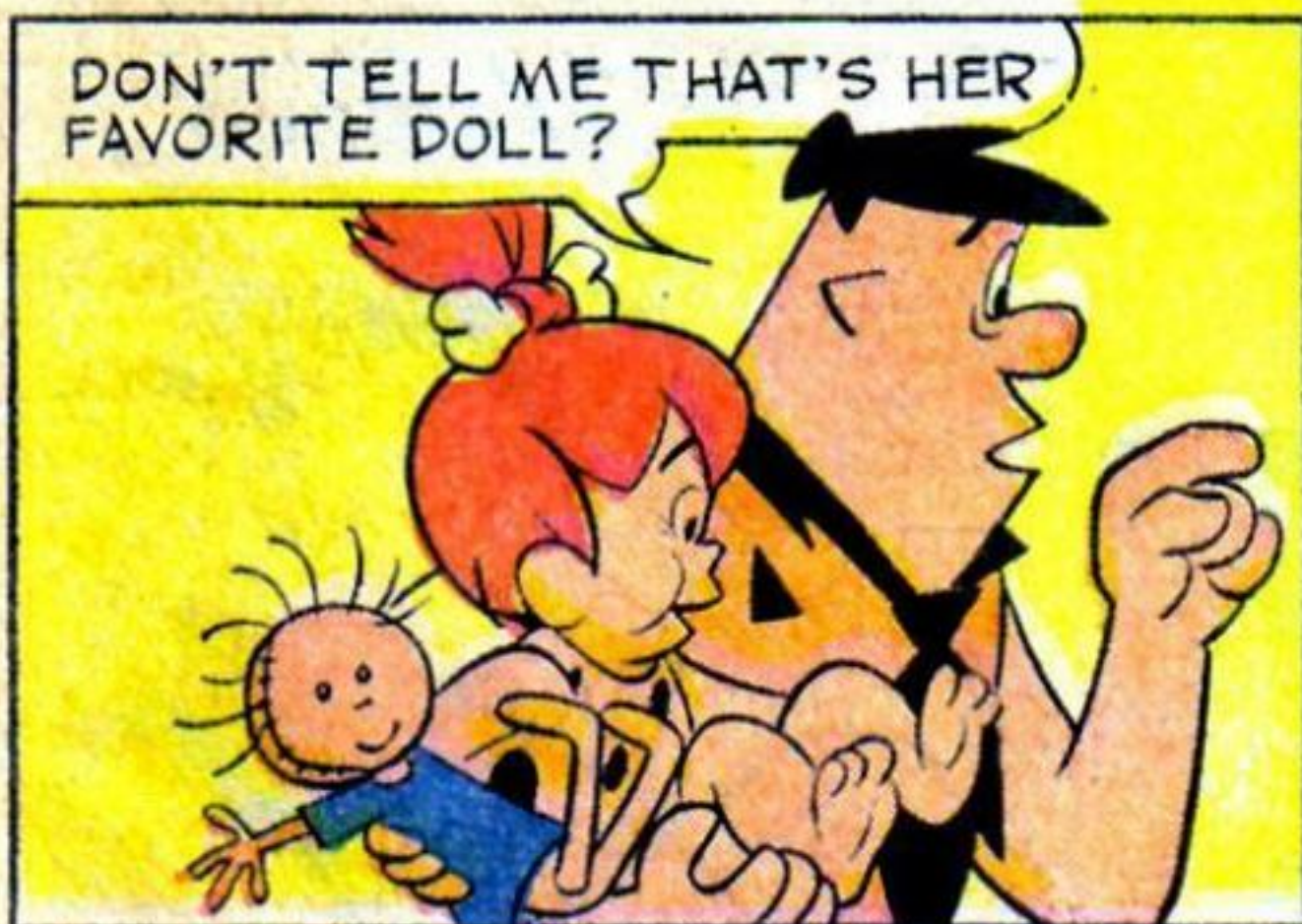
THERE! THERE'S NO WAY TO ACCOUNT FOR A KID'S TASTE IN TOYS!

ABBA DABBA GOO!

BA BA BA!



DON'T TELL ME THAT'S HER FAVORITE DOLL?



OF COURSE IT IS! SO WHAT!



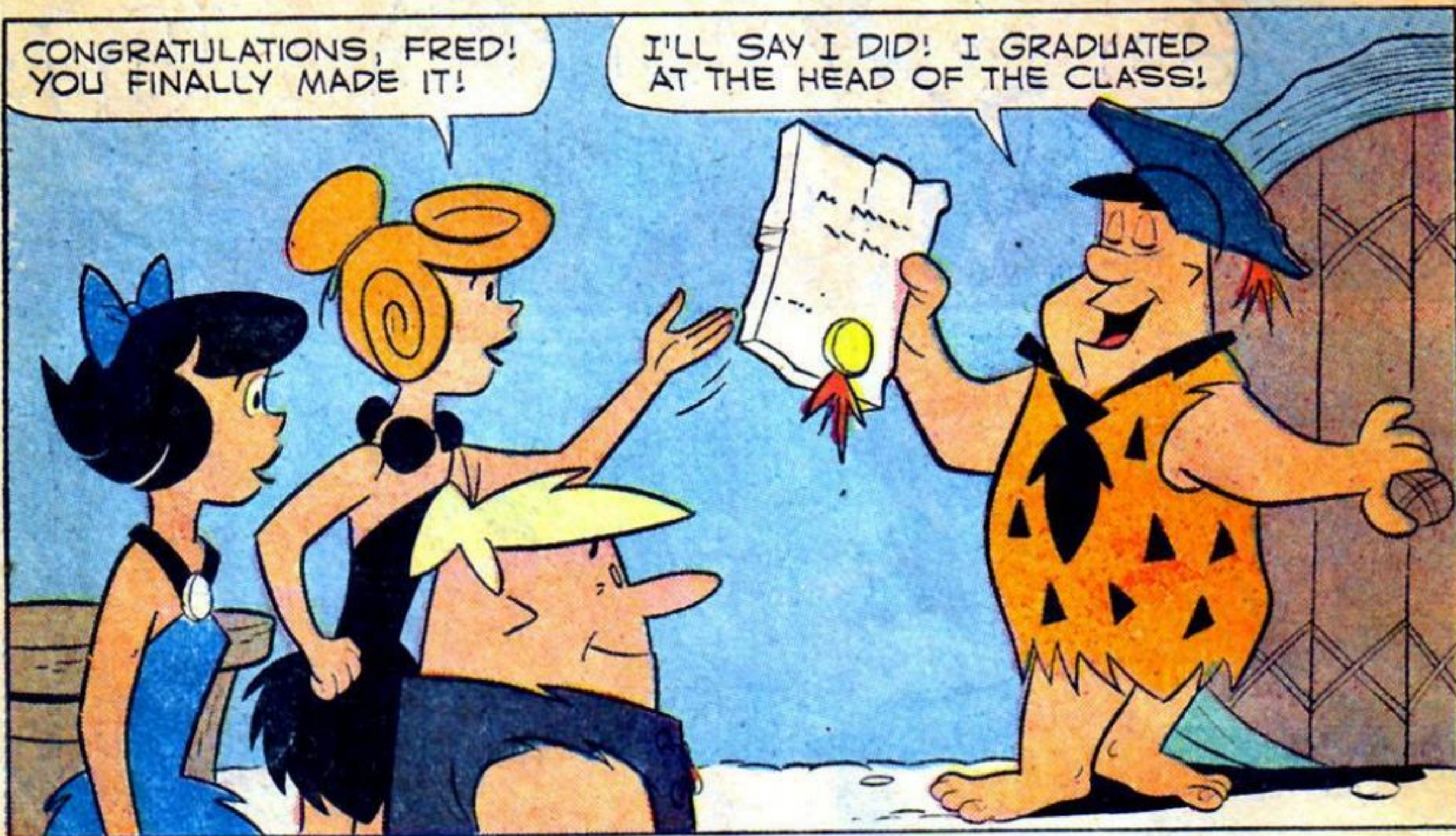
WHAT ABOUT THAT RAISE WE WERE GOING TO TALK ABOUT?

JUST RETURN ALL THOSE FANCY TOYS YOU JUST BOUGHT AND YOU WON'T NEED A RAISE, FLINTSTONE!

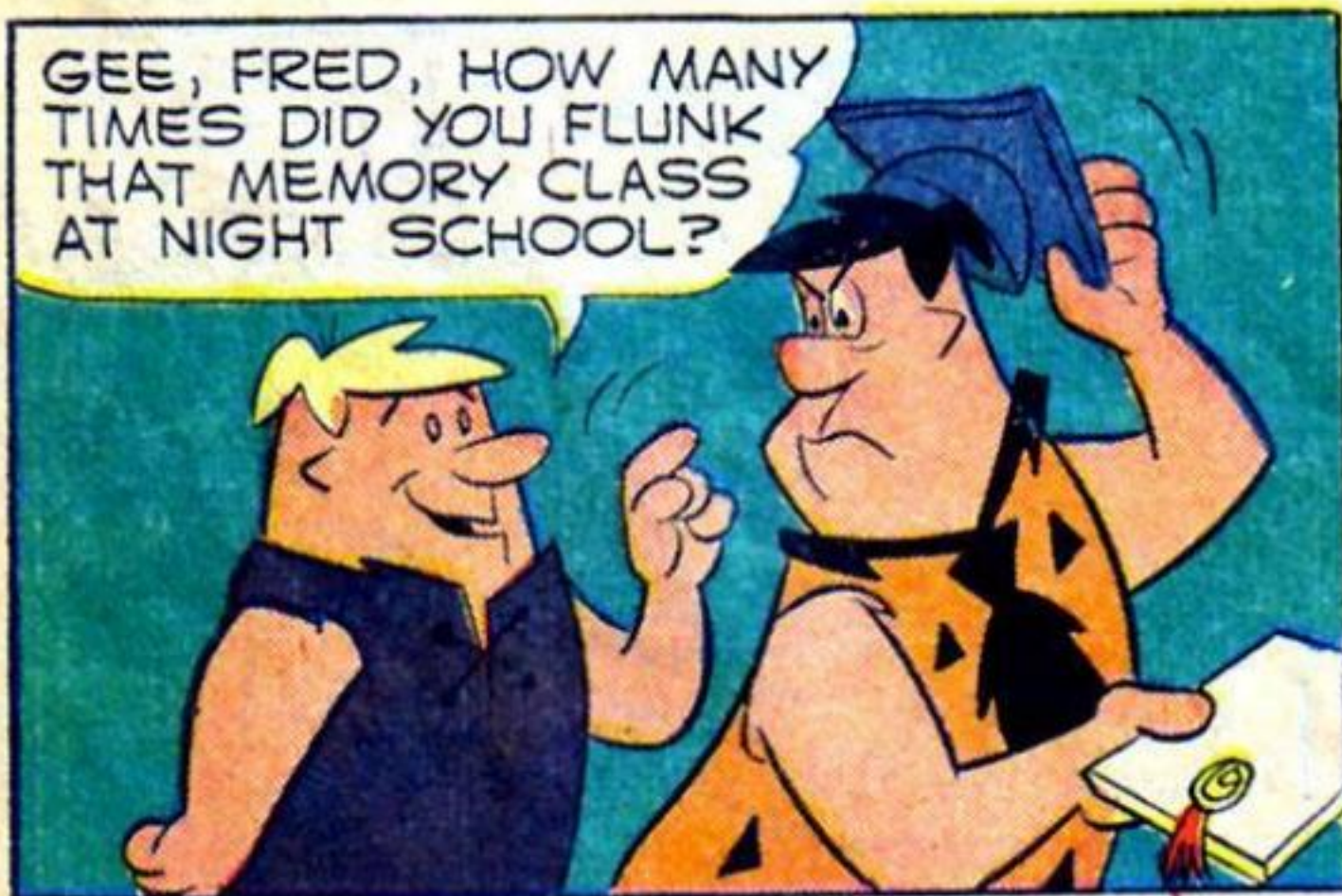


CONGRATULATIONS, FRED!
YOU FINALLY MADE IT!

I'LL SAY I DID! I GRADUATED
AT THE HEAD OF THE CLASS!



GEE, FRED, HOW MANY
TIMES DID YOU FLUNK
THAT MEMORY CLASS
AT NIGHT SCHOOL?



NEVER MIND! THE IMPORTANT
THING IS I'VE **MASTERED**
THE SECRET OF
A PERFECT
MEMORY!
JUST ASK
ME A
QUESTION!



OKAY! WHEN IS
YOUR MOTHER-
IN-LAW'S
BIRTHDAY?

APRIL 14TH...
SO THERE!



THAT'S
PRETTY
GOOD,
FRED!

YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!
FROM NOW ON I'LL NEVER
FORGET A THING!



HO-HUM! IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME I THINK I'LL HIT THE SACK!

NIGHTY NIGHT, FRED! DON'T FORGET TO CLOSE YOUR EYES! YUK! YUK!

OKAY, WISE GUY! IF YOU EVER CATCH ME FORGETTING **ANYTHING** AGAIN I'LL TREAT YOU TO THE BEST DINOSAUR STEAK IN BEDROCK!

IT'S A DEAL!

SHORTLY...

I'LL SHOW THAT LITTLE RUNT! **HE** HASN'T MASTERED THE SECRET OF BRAIN CONTROL, BUT **I** HAVE!

HEH! HEH! HE'S IN FOR A LONG WAIT FOR THAT DINOSAUR STEAK!

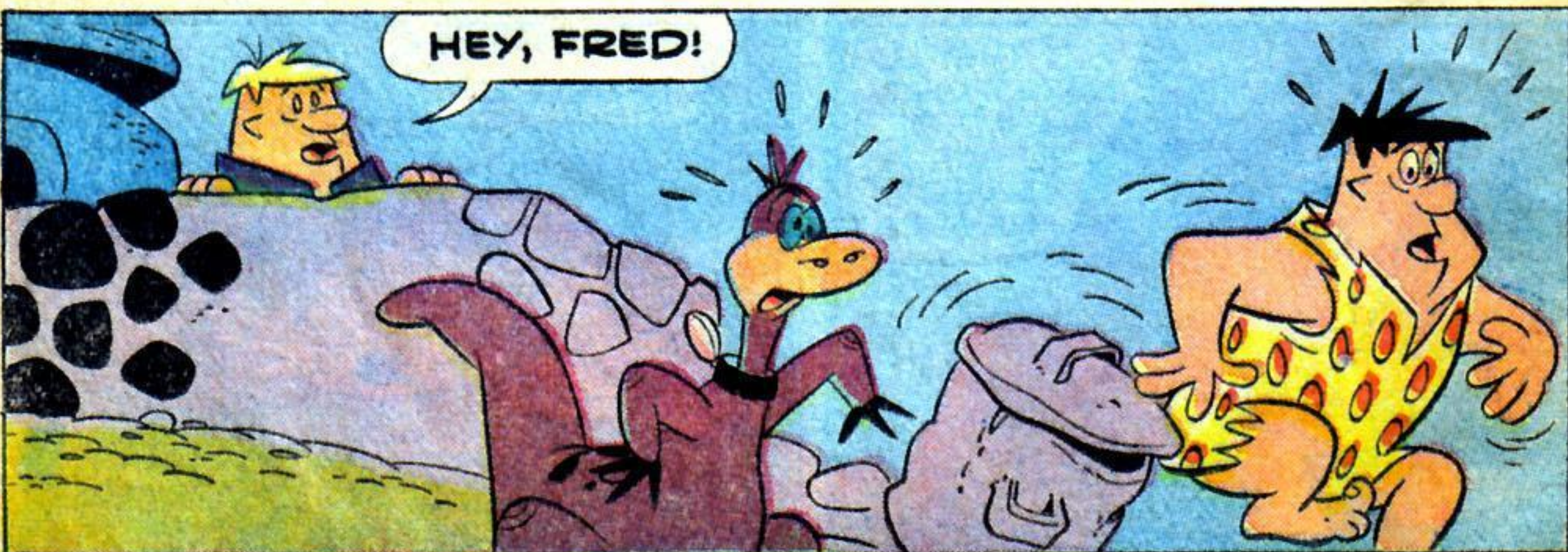
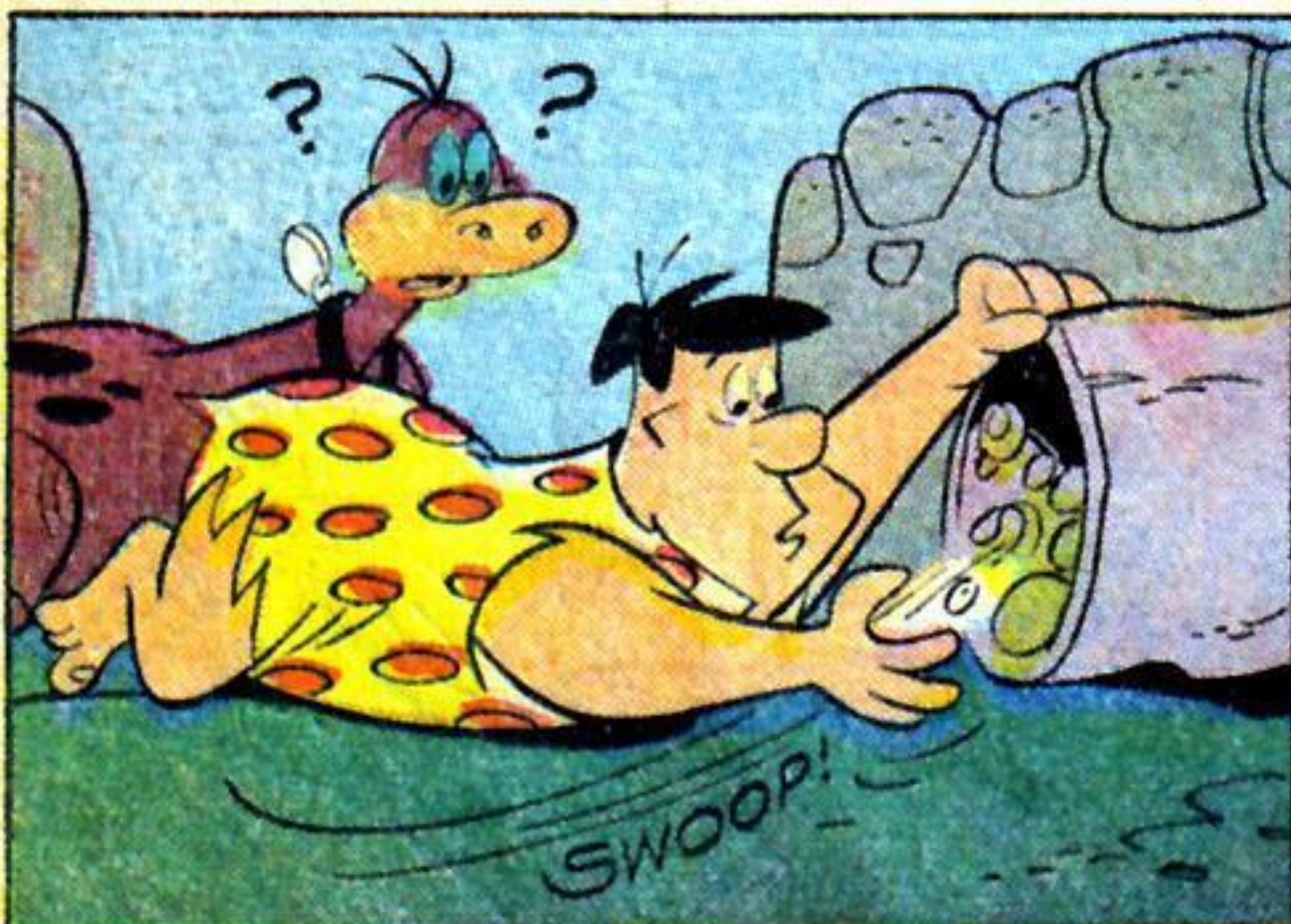
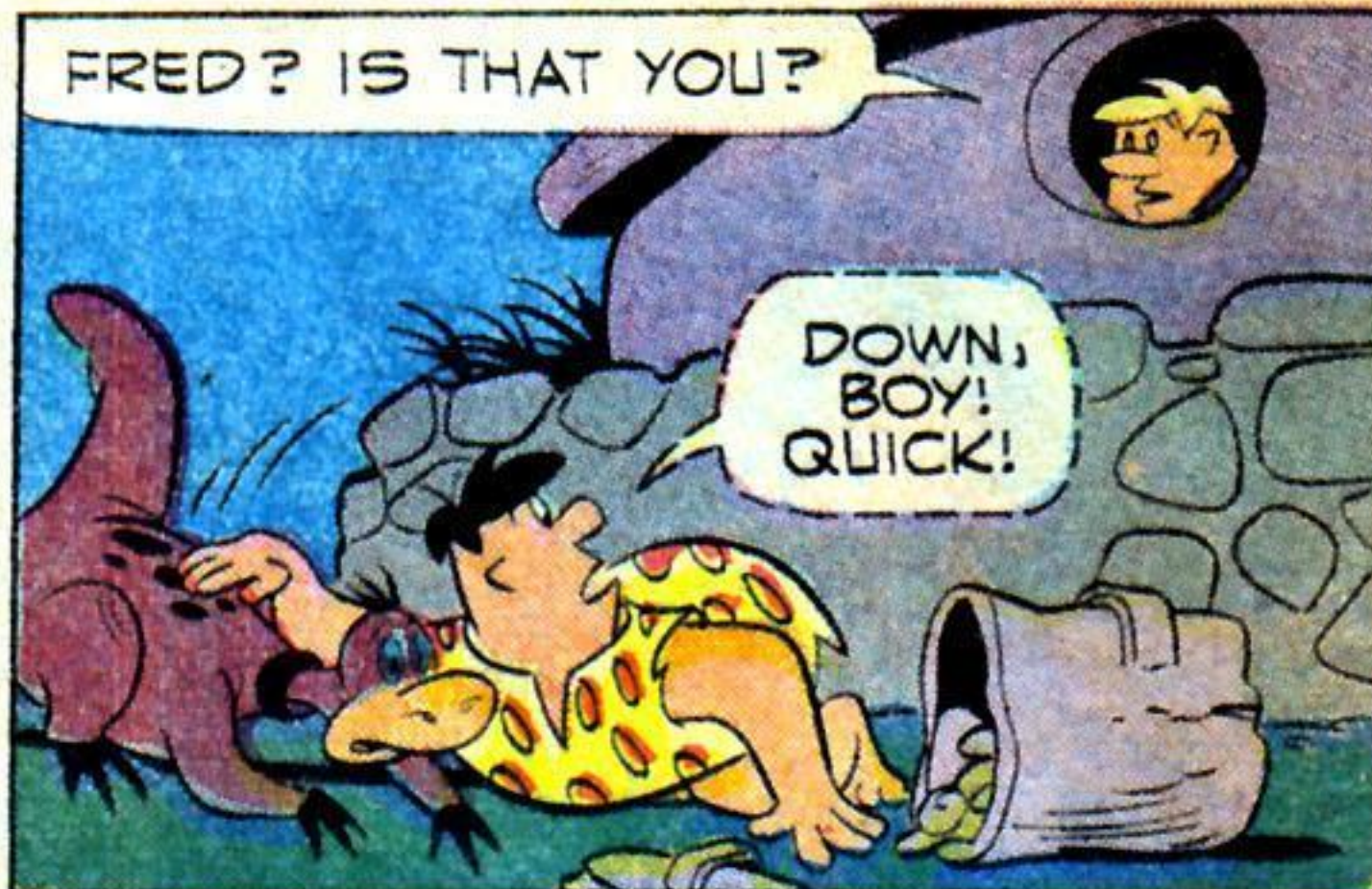
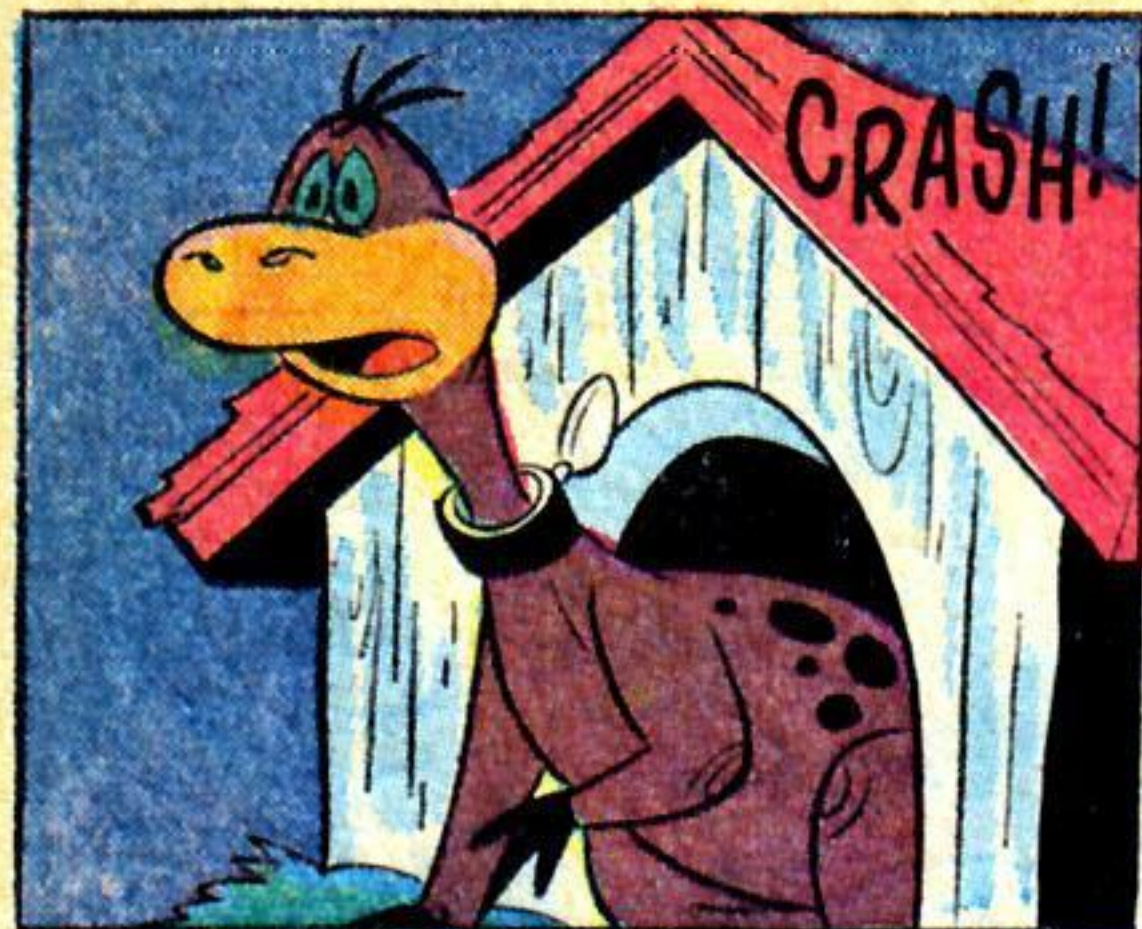
UH-OH! I JUST REMEMBERED! TOMORROW IS TRASH COLLECTION DAY! I FORGOT TO PUT IT OUT BEFORE RETIRING!

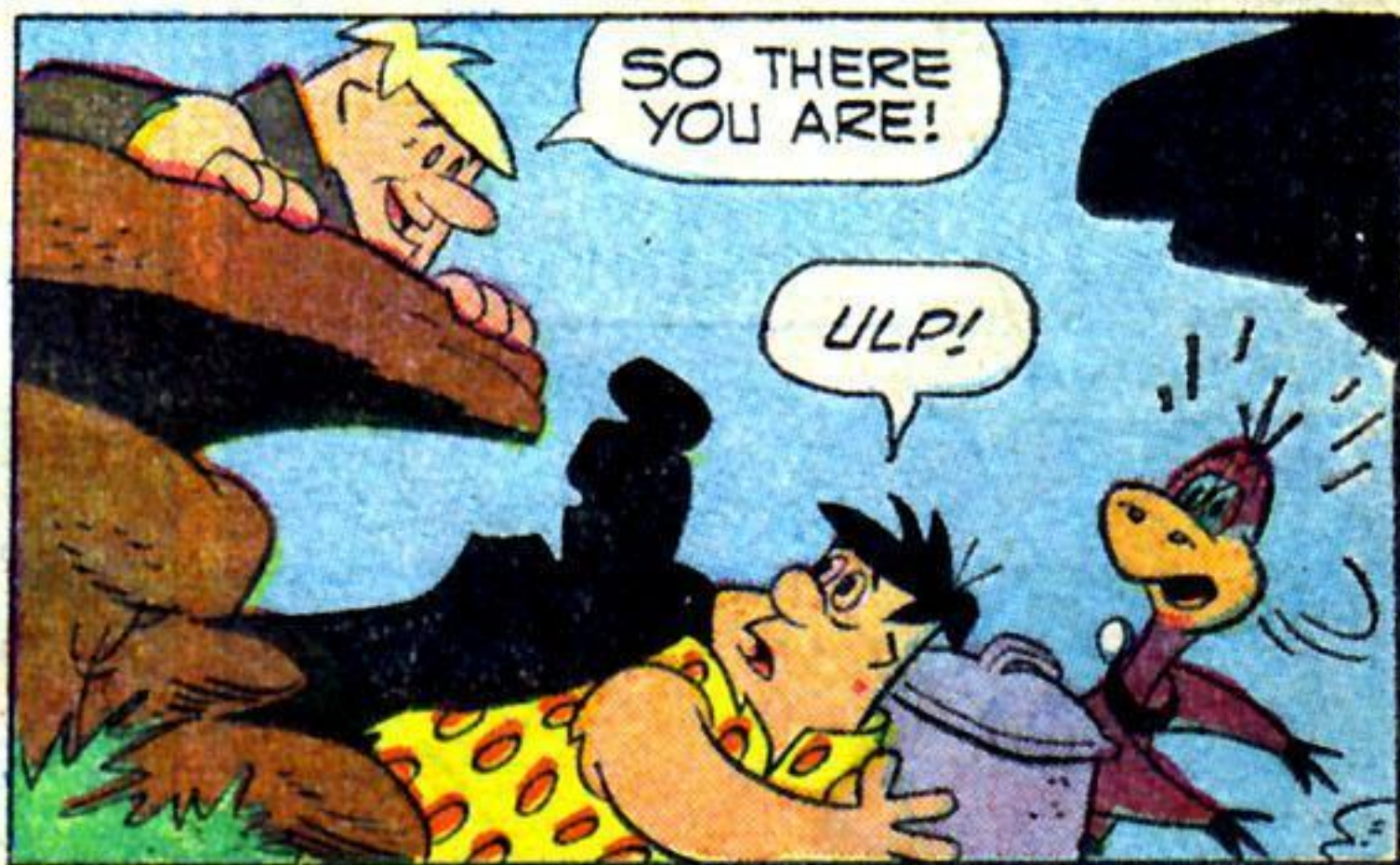
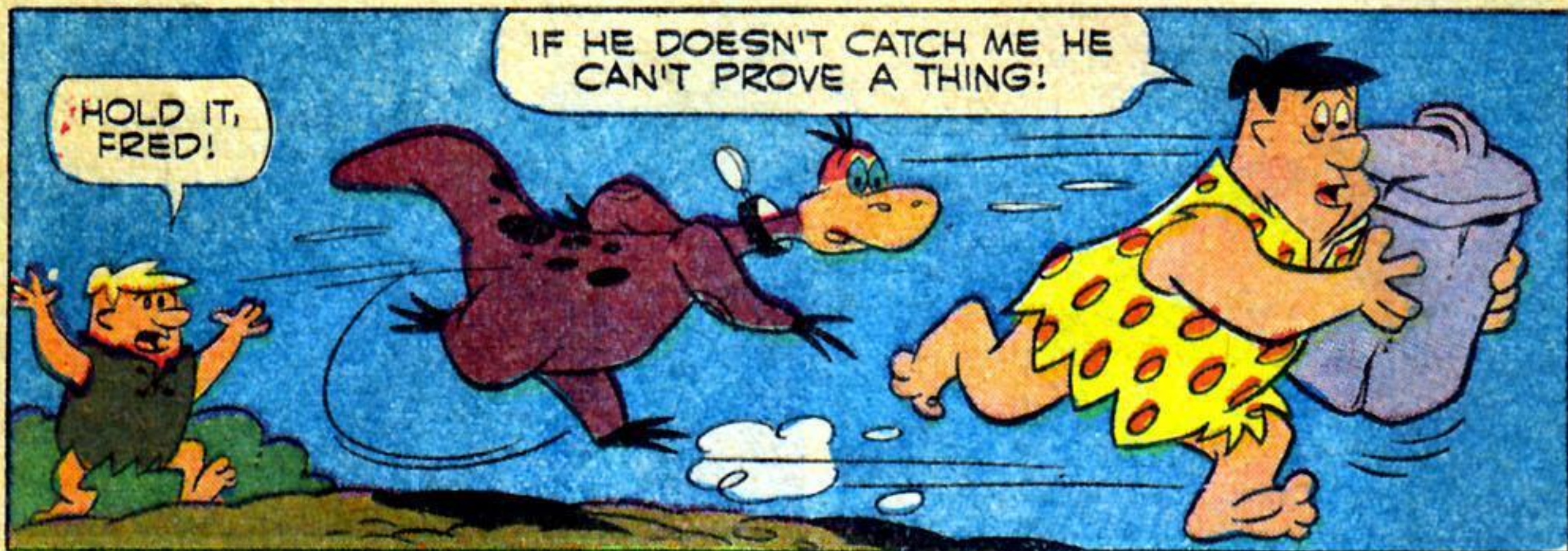
I'D BETTER WORK FAST! I WOULD NEVER LIVE IT DOWN!

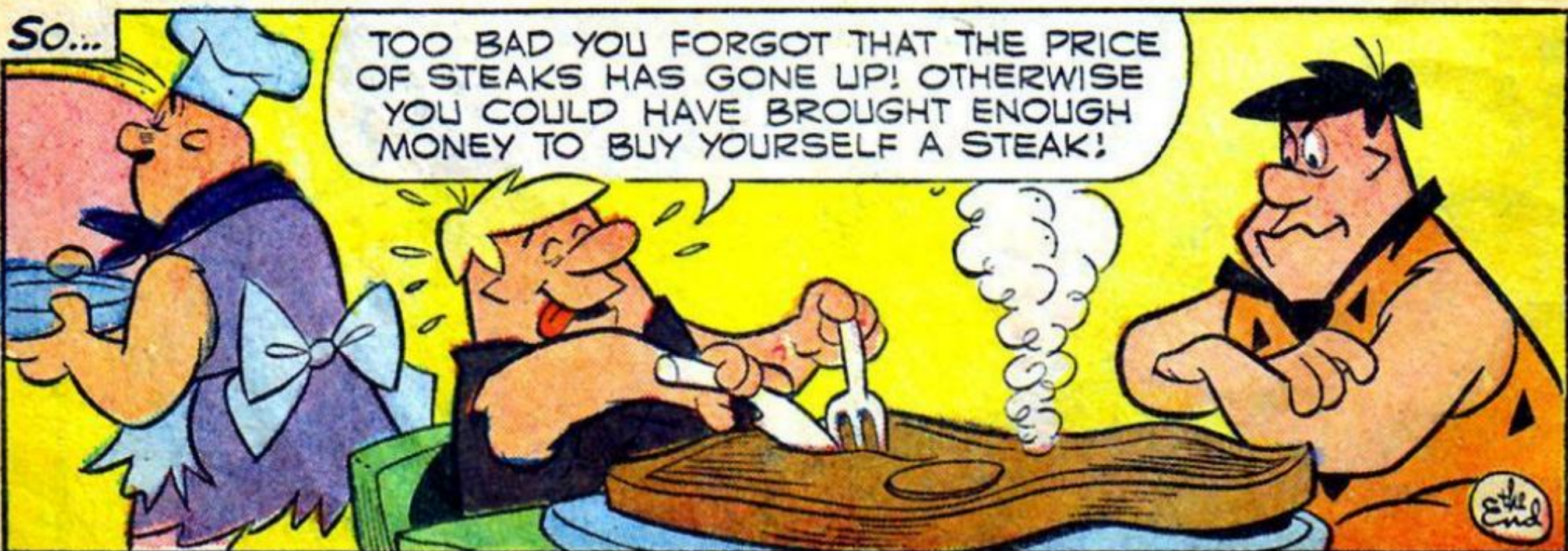
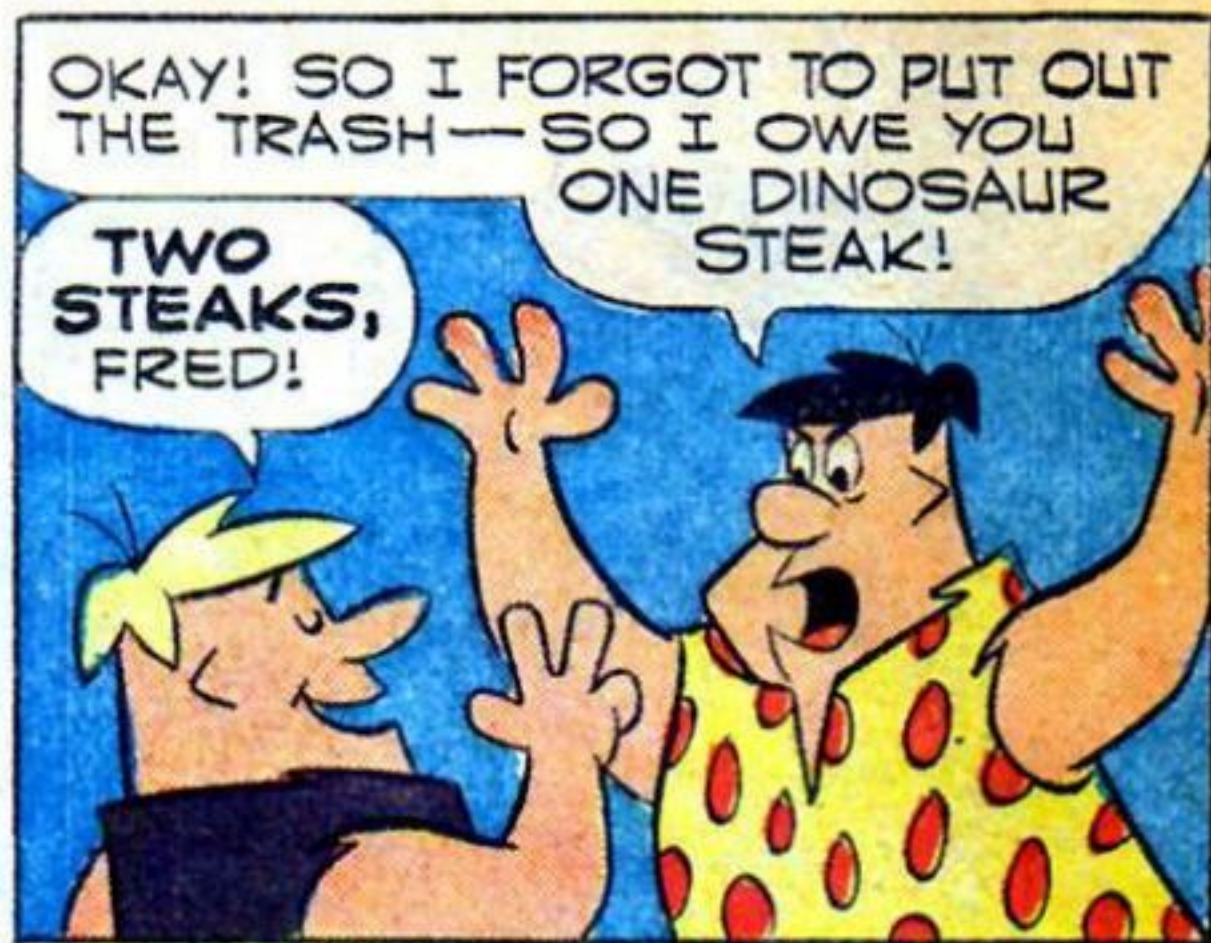
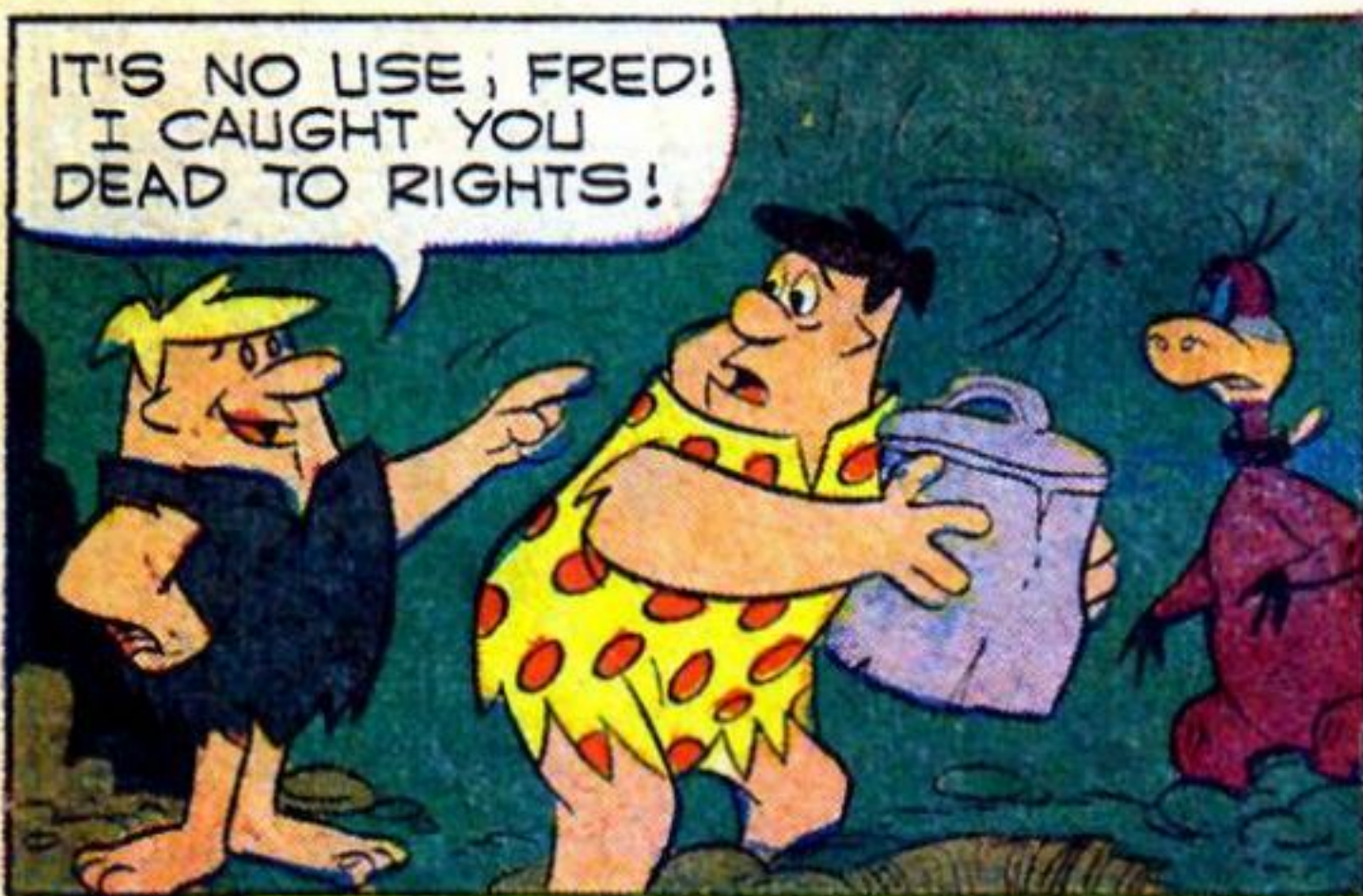
Z-Z-Z

BUT THEY'LL NEVER GET AHEAD OF OL' FRED! NEVER! NEVER!

N-NEVER?







Hanna-Barbera

MR. & MRS. J. EVIL SCIENTIST FLYING BY SCAREPLANE

OH, J. EVIL, ISN'T THIS EXCITING?
WE'RE FINALLY GOING ON OUR
SECOND HONEYMOON... BACK TO
QUICKSAND ACRES!

REPRINTED BY POPULAR DEMAND

SCAREPORT
TRANSWITCH AIRLINES

BROOM FLIGHT
1313 NOW
COMING IN!

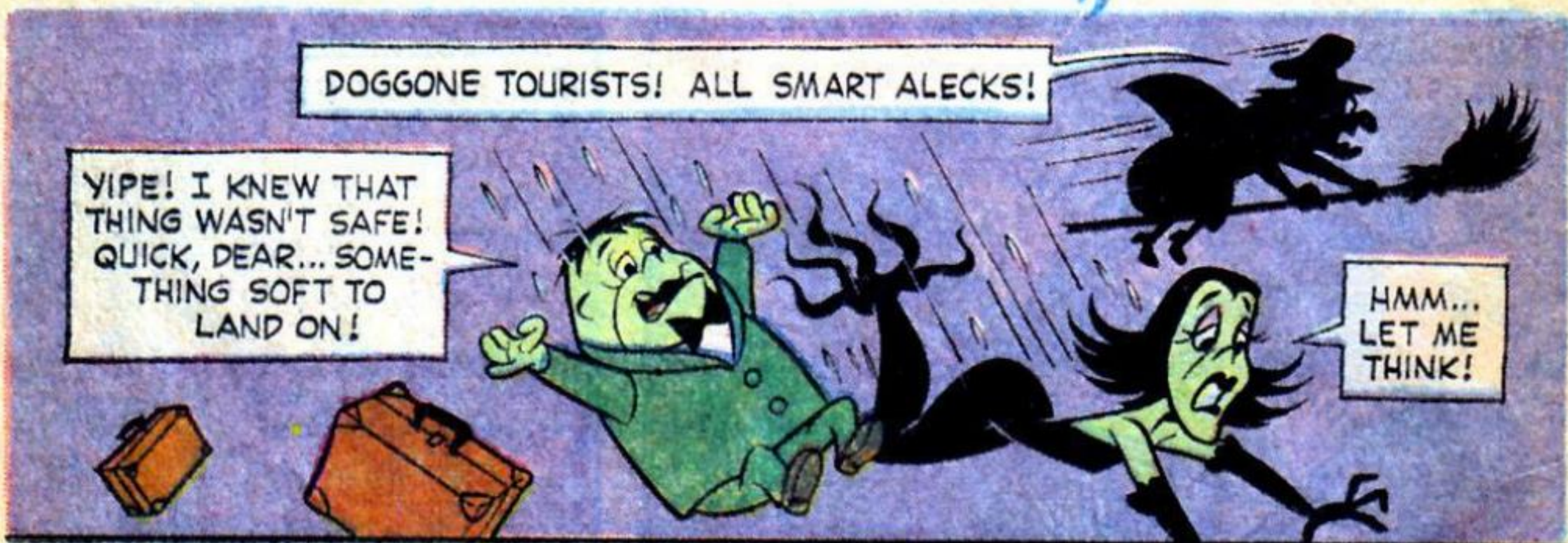
ALL ABOARD FOR HORRORLULU,
HONG KING KONG, QUICKSAND
ACRES, AND POINTS EAST!

WE RIDE AT THE
REAR, DEAR! I
BOUGHT TOURIST
CLASS TICKETS!

OOPS! SHE FORGOT TO SAY,
"FASTEN YOUR SAFETY BELTS!"

URK! WE DON'T
HAVE ANY
SAFETY BELTS!

THAT'S WHY
I DIDN'T
SAY IT!
HEE-HEE!



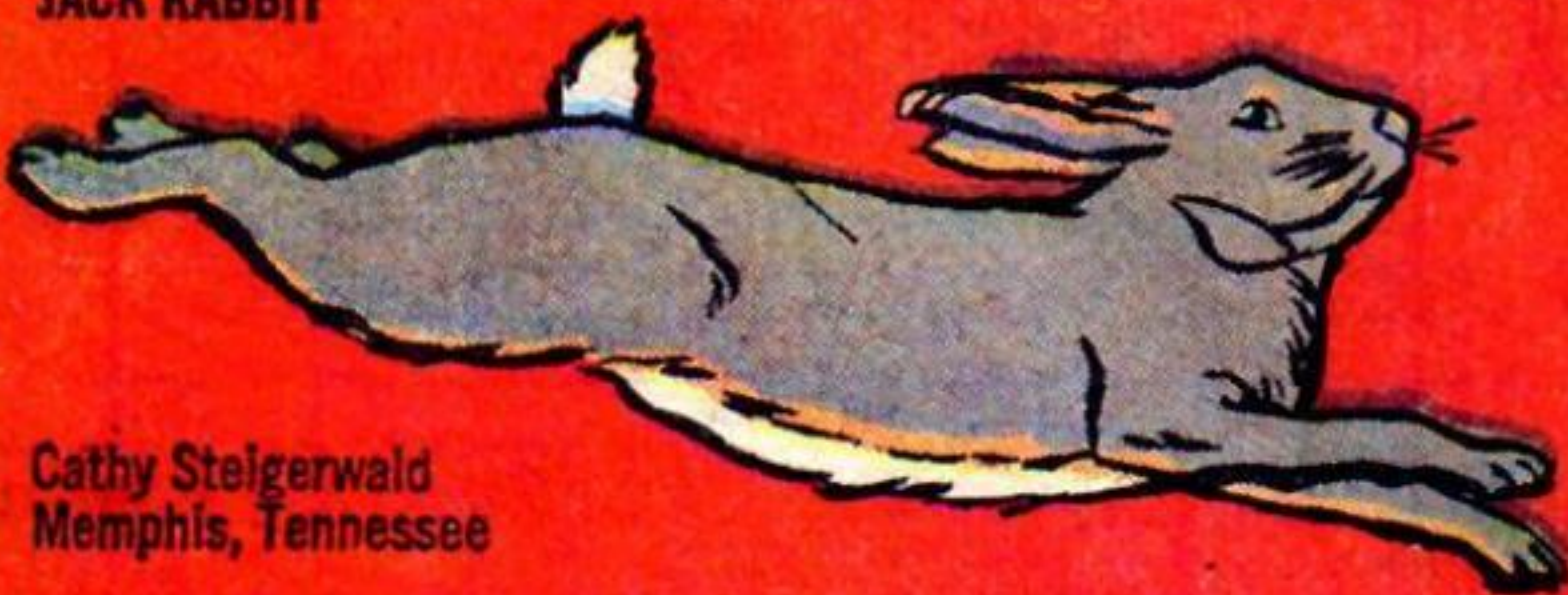


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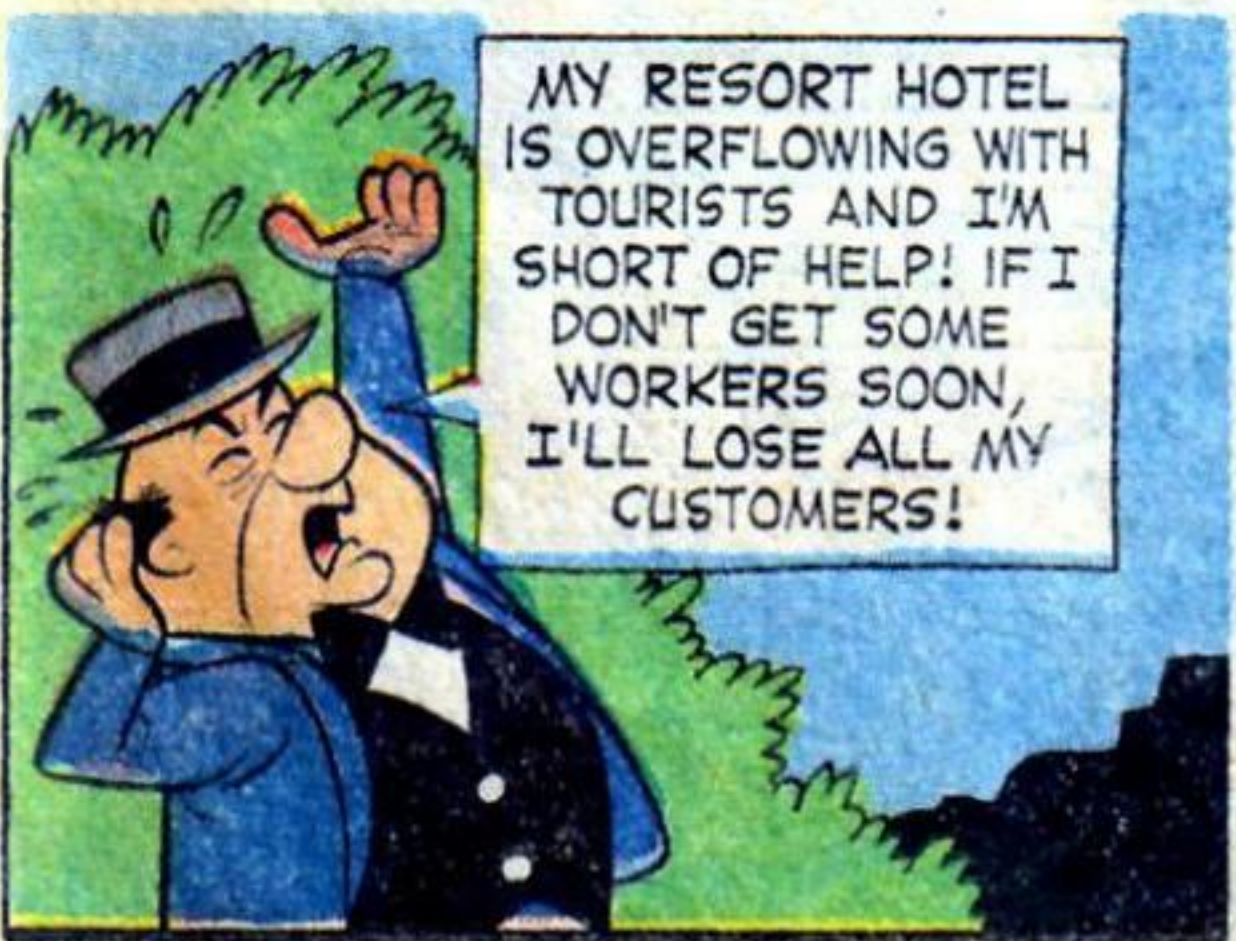


Stanley Fong
San Francisco, California

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SOON...

OKAY! YOU TEND TO THE GARDENING, AND I'LL SHOW YOUR WIFE HER MAID DUTIES!

DON'T WORRY, DEAR! IT'S JUST UNTIL WE EARN ENOUGH TO FLY ON!



BAH! SIMPLE GARDEN PLANTS! BUT WITH MY SCIENTIFIC GENIUS, I CAN MAKE SOMETHING OUT OF THEM!



AND UPSTAIRS...

WHAT A GHASTLY ROOM! IT'S A GOOD THING THEY HAVE A MAID WHO KNOWS HOW TO MAKE A ROOM LOOK COZY!

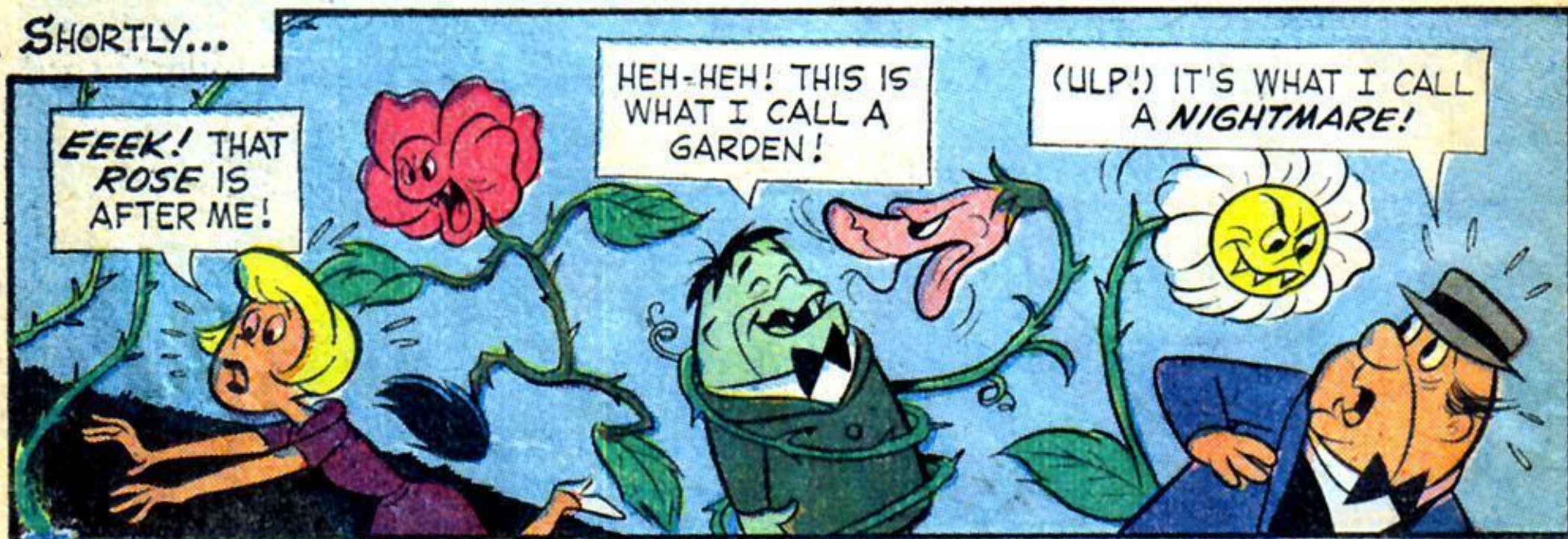


SHORTLY...

EEK! THAT ROSE IS AFTER ME!

HEH-HEH! THIS IS WHAT I CALL A GARDEN!

(ULP!) IT'S WHAT I CALL A NIGHTMARE!

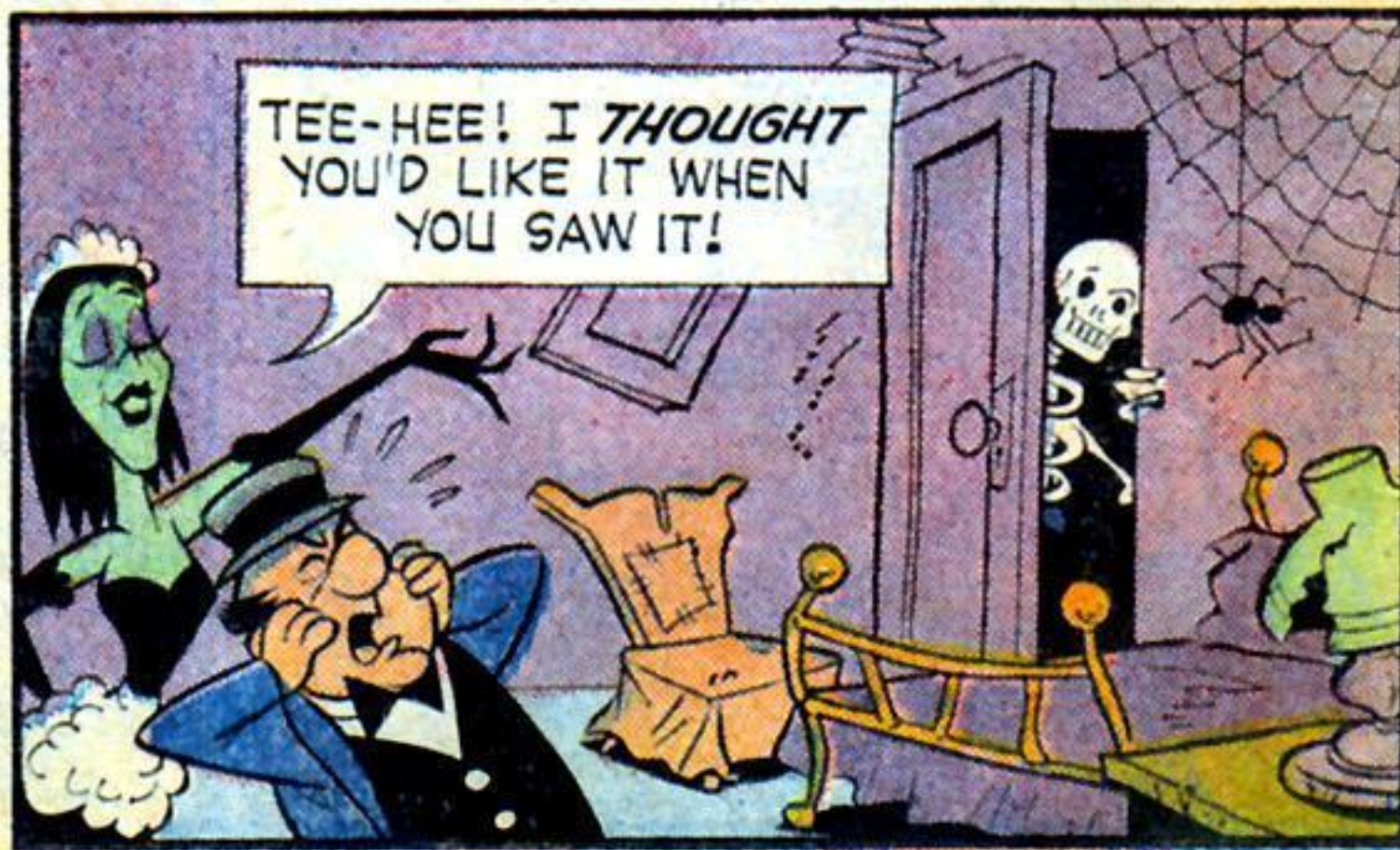


OH! I WANT YOU TO SEE WHAT THAT NEW MAID HAS DONE TO MY ROOM!

OH, NO! IS SHE A KOOK, TOO?



TEE-HEE! I *THOUGHT* YOU'D LIKE IT WHEN YOU SAW IT!





Going Batty



Perry Gunnite dashed into the Dankee Stadium locker room and found Homer Runn sitting dejectedly on the bench.

"I've lost my lucky bat," sighed Homer. "I can't find it anyplace. We've got a big game coming up in an hour and I just can't get a hit without my lucky bat! If you don't trace it for me by game time, I'm done. It's got a big 'R' on the handle."

"Don't worry, Homer," replied Perry. "I'll find that bat or my name isn't Homer Runn. Oh, wait a minute, that's your name, isn't it? Well, I'll find your bat, anyway."

Soon, Perry returned sadly to the locker room to give Homer the bad news. He'd gone through the whole stadium . . . even searched under all the seats, and he had only found a lot of used chewing gum.

Homer was very upset. "I might as well take a shower and go home!" he grumbled to his teammate, Peter Popoff.

When Homer opened the shower door he got a big surprise. Two kids were huddled inside with his baseball bat. They dashed from the locker room before Homer could grab them.

"Save your strength for the game," Perry yelled. "I'll catch them, or my name isn't . . . isn't . . . well, I'll catch them. . ."

Perry chased the two kids out of the stadium and across the street, cleverly cornering them in a vacant lot.

"Okay, kids, where's the bat?" he asked.

"We dropped it in the street," cried one of the little boys. "Honest!"

Sure enough, the bat was lying in the street. But before Perry could get to it, a big truck rolled right over the bat, breaking it into splinters.

Perry was very angry with the boys, but his heart softened a little when they broke

into tears and told them Homer was their hero and they only wanted the bat for a souvenir. He figured the kids had been punished enough and let them go. Perry might not be able to remember his own name, but he could remember what it's like to be a kid.

He walked back into the stadium, hating to tell Homer the news. As he passed a rack of bats, he had an idea. He grabbed one of them and sneaked into a side room.

"This lucky bat stuff is superstition anyway," he mused. "I'll carve an 'R' on this bat, and Homer won't know the difference."

Then Perry noticed that the bat already had a big "P" carved on it. But that was no problem. He just added a little line and the "P" became an "R."

"I found your bat, Homer," smiled Perry.

"Hooray! I better get right into the game," shouted Homer, grabbing the bat from Perry's hand.

Perry's plan worked out fine. Homer *didn't* know the difference, and he made six home runs with the "lucky" bat . . . leading his team to victory.

After the game, Perry decided to tell Homer the truth so he wouldn't rely on silly things like lucky bats.

Down in the locker room with the other players, he told Homer how he altered the "P" to an "R" and gave him another bat.

"Gee, I guess I don't need a lucky bat after all," grinned Homer.

"Grrrr! I do!" yelled Peter Popoff. "That was my lucky bat with a 'P' you swiped. I didn't have it and I struck out six times!"

He lunged angrily at Perry.

But the story has a happy ending. Perry arrived safe at home before Peter Popoff could strike him out. . . out cold, that is.

Hanna-Barbera

THE FLINTSTONES YANKS FOR THE MEMORY

REPRINTED
BY POPULAR
DEMAND

(PHEW!) PEBBLES IS
ONE TENTH OUR SIZE
BUT HAS TEN TIMES
AS MUCH STUFF!

THAT'S THE
WAY IT IS WITH
BABIES, FRED! THEY
NEED ALL SORTS
OF SPECIAL
EQUIPMENT!



BY THE TIME
I LOAD AND
UNLOAD, THE
WEEKEND
WILL BE
OVER!



WELL, IT WAS
YOUR IDEA TO
SPEND THE
WEEKEND AT
THE LAKE!



YABBA
DABBA
GOO!

HEH, HEH! I'M NOT
COMPLAINING! SHE'S
WORTH EVERY ACHING
MUSCLE!

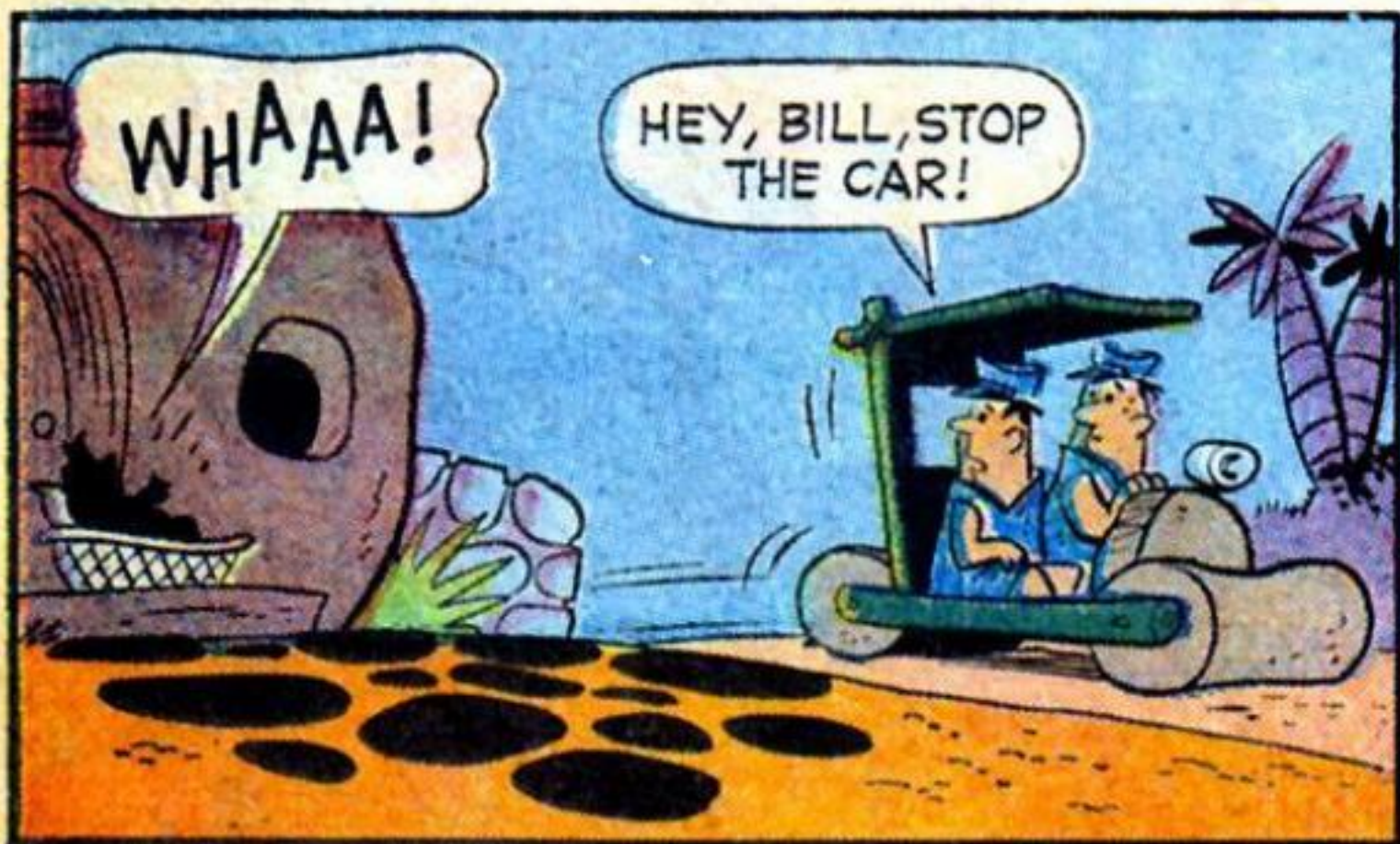
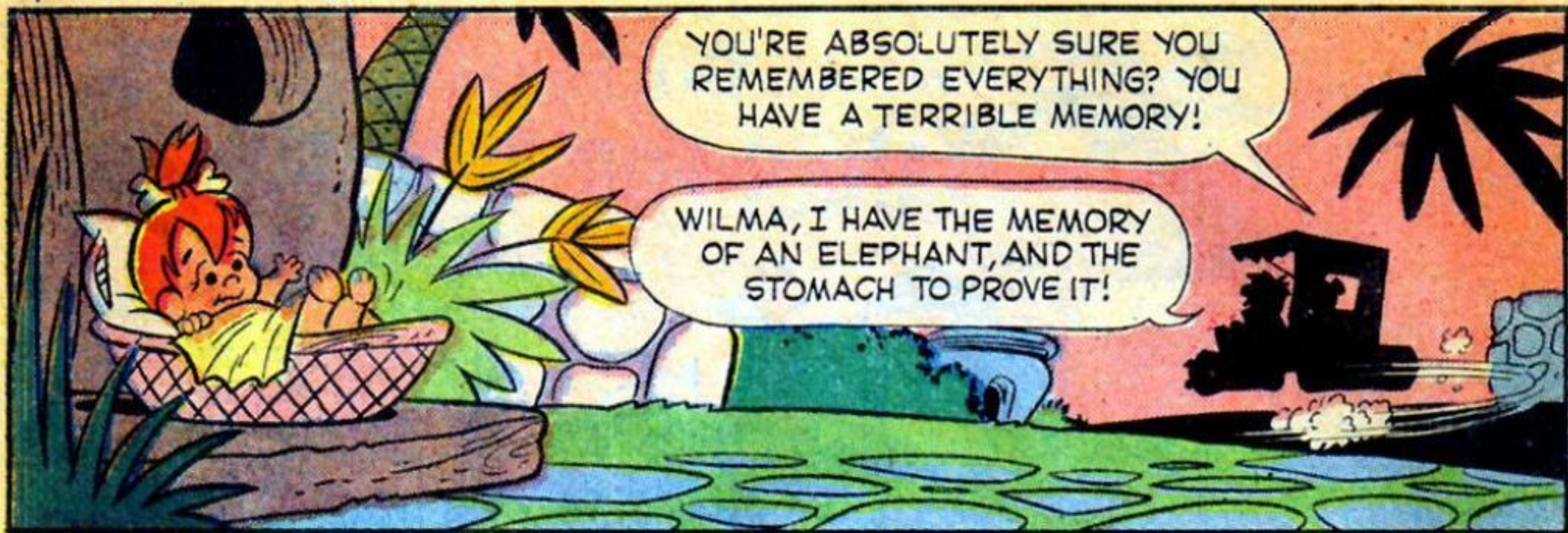


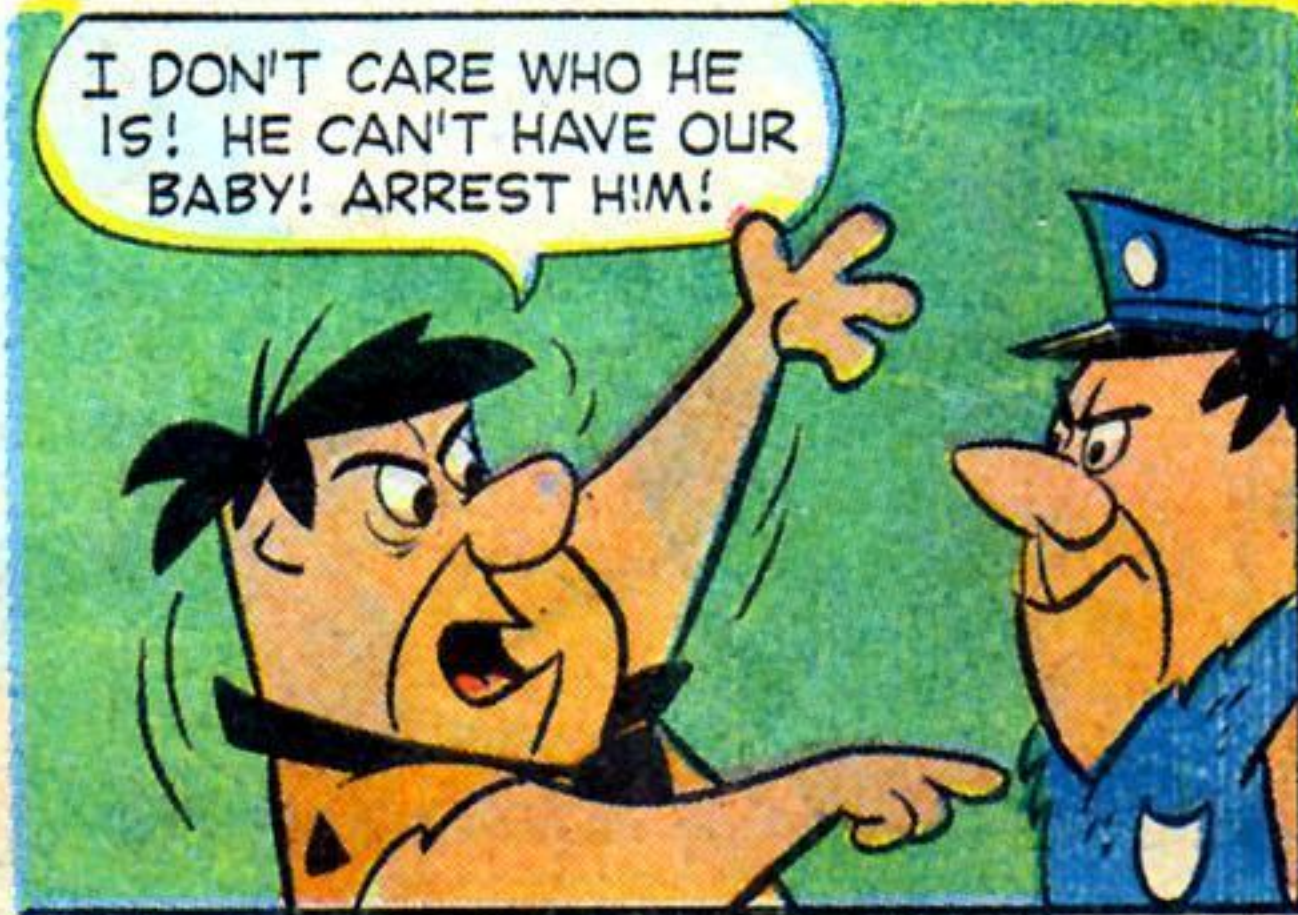
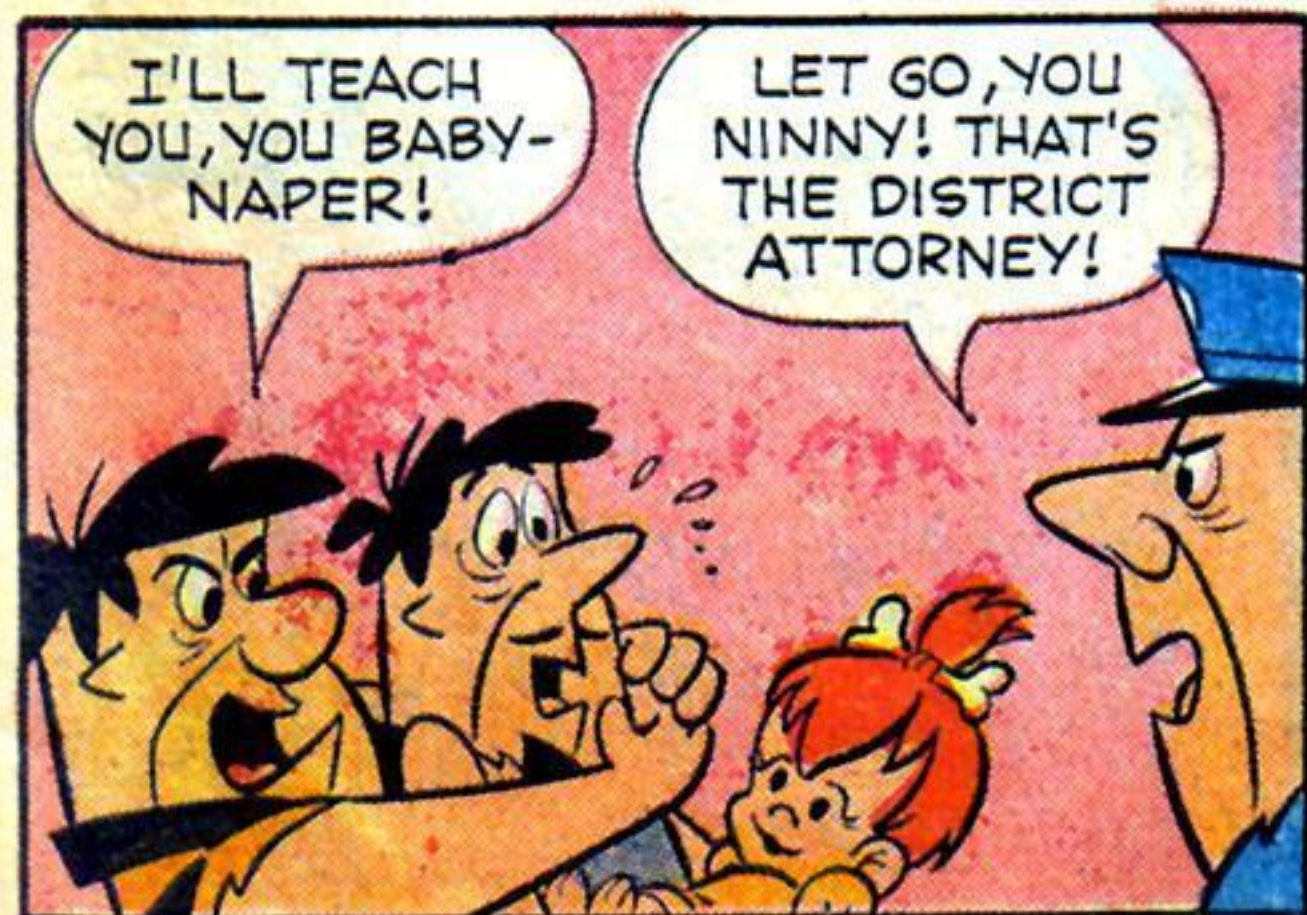
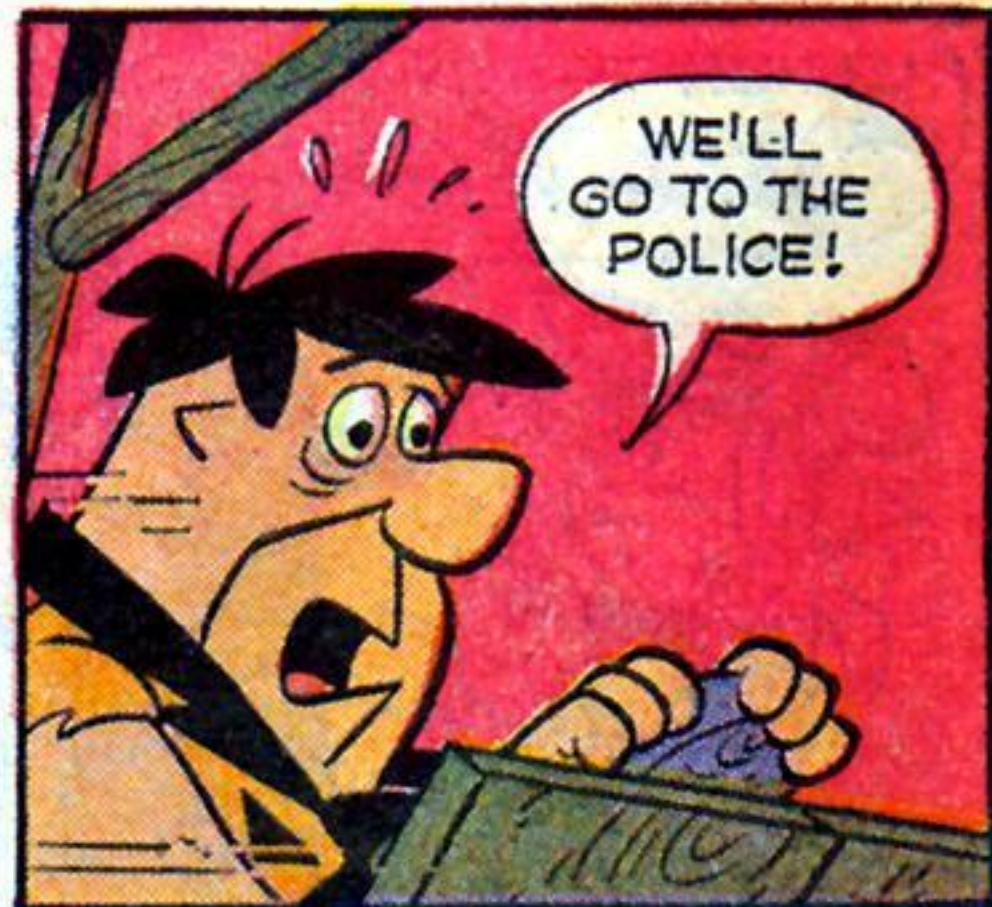
A HEAP OF HAULING LATER...

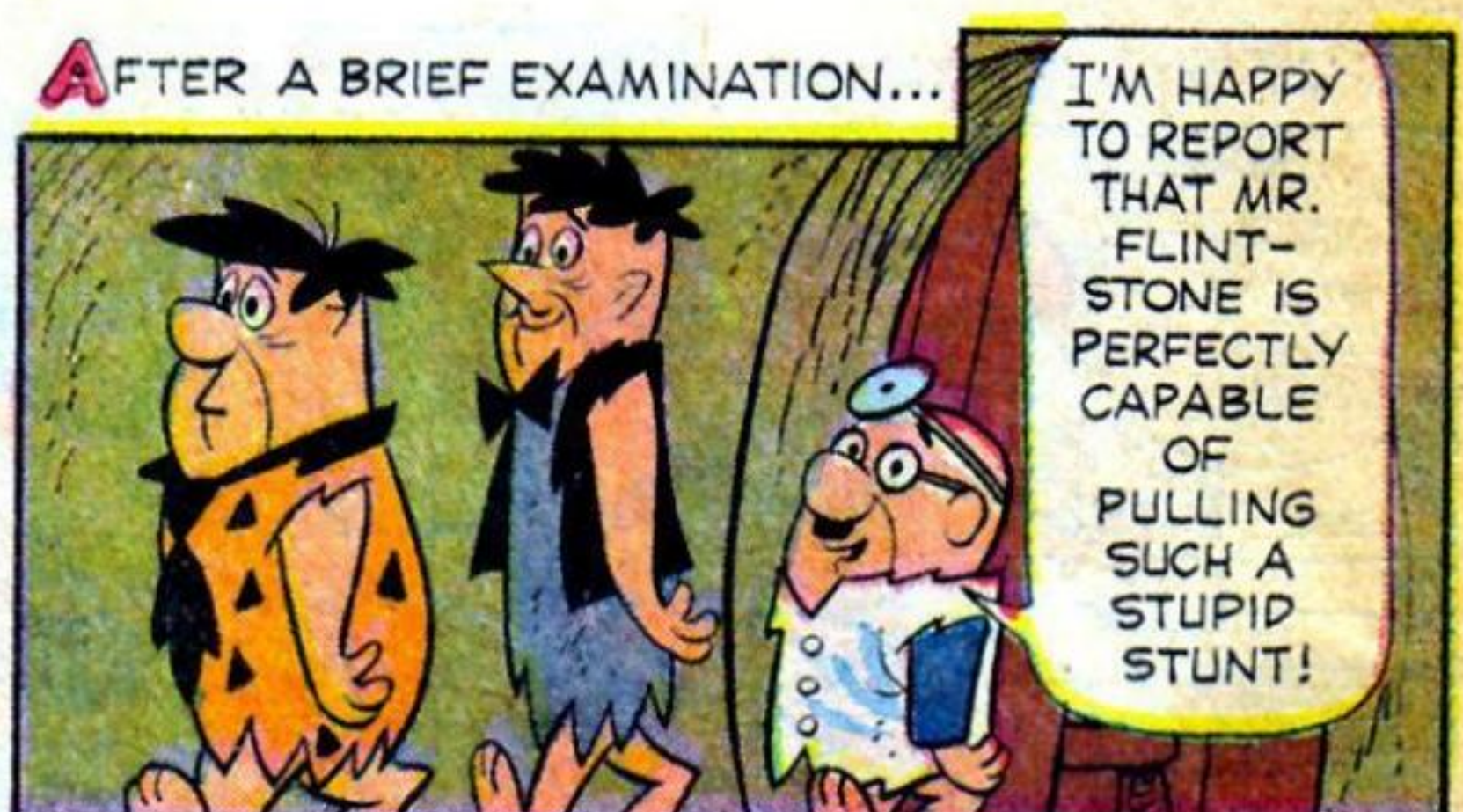
AND AWAY
WE GO!

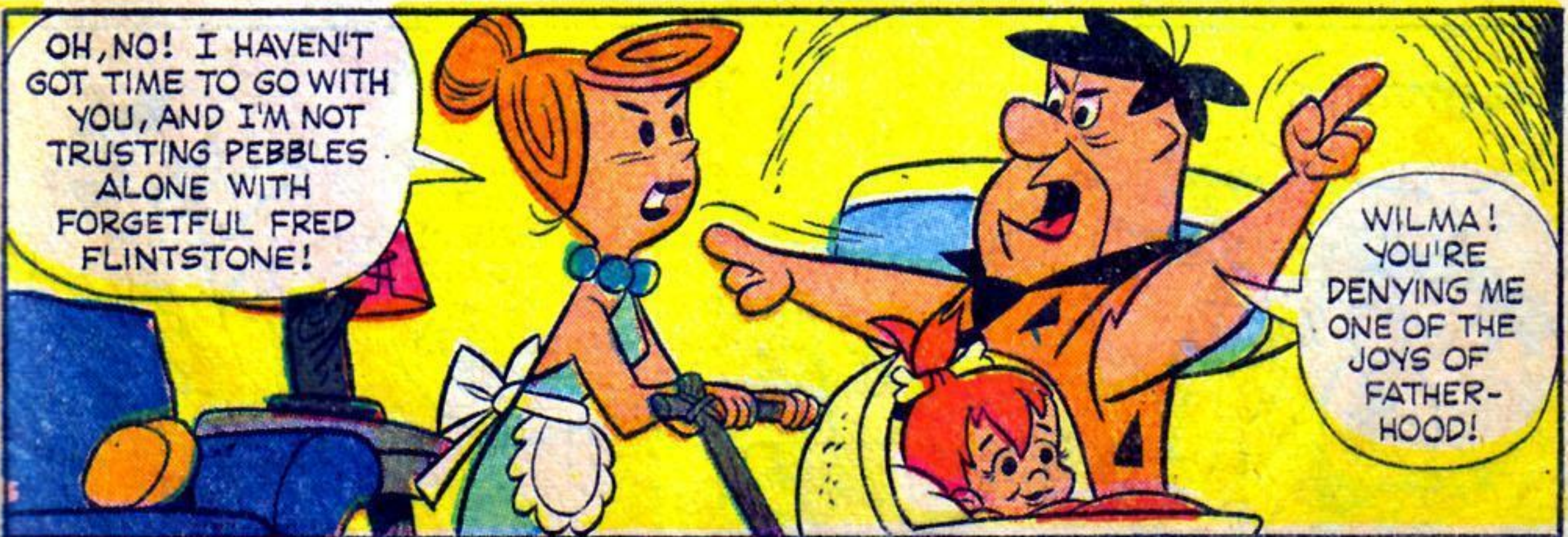
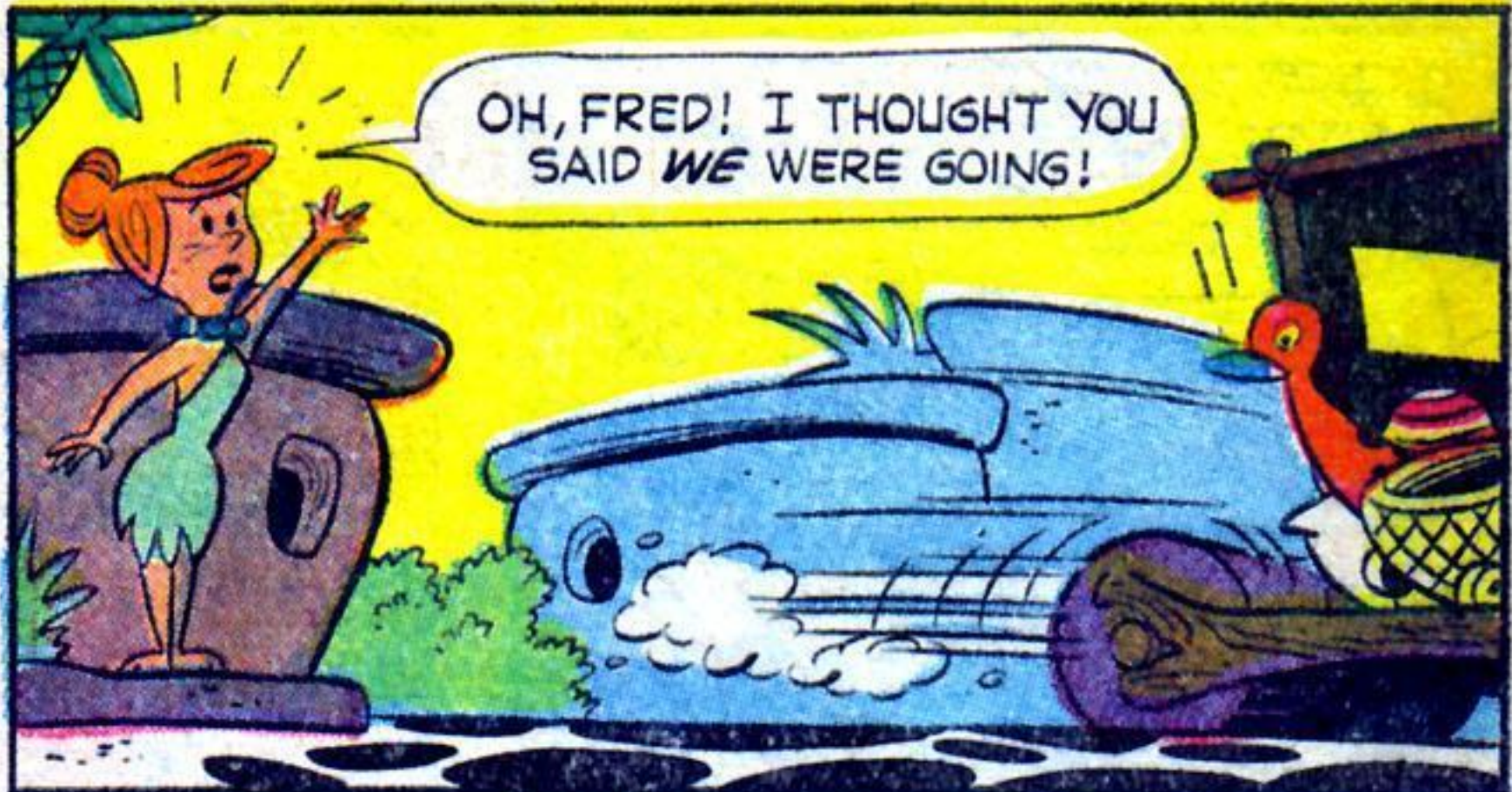
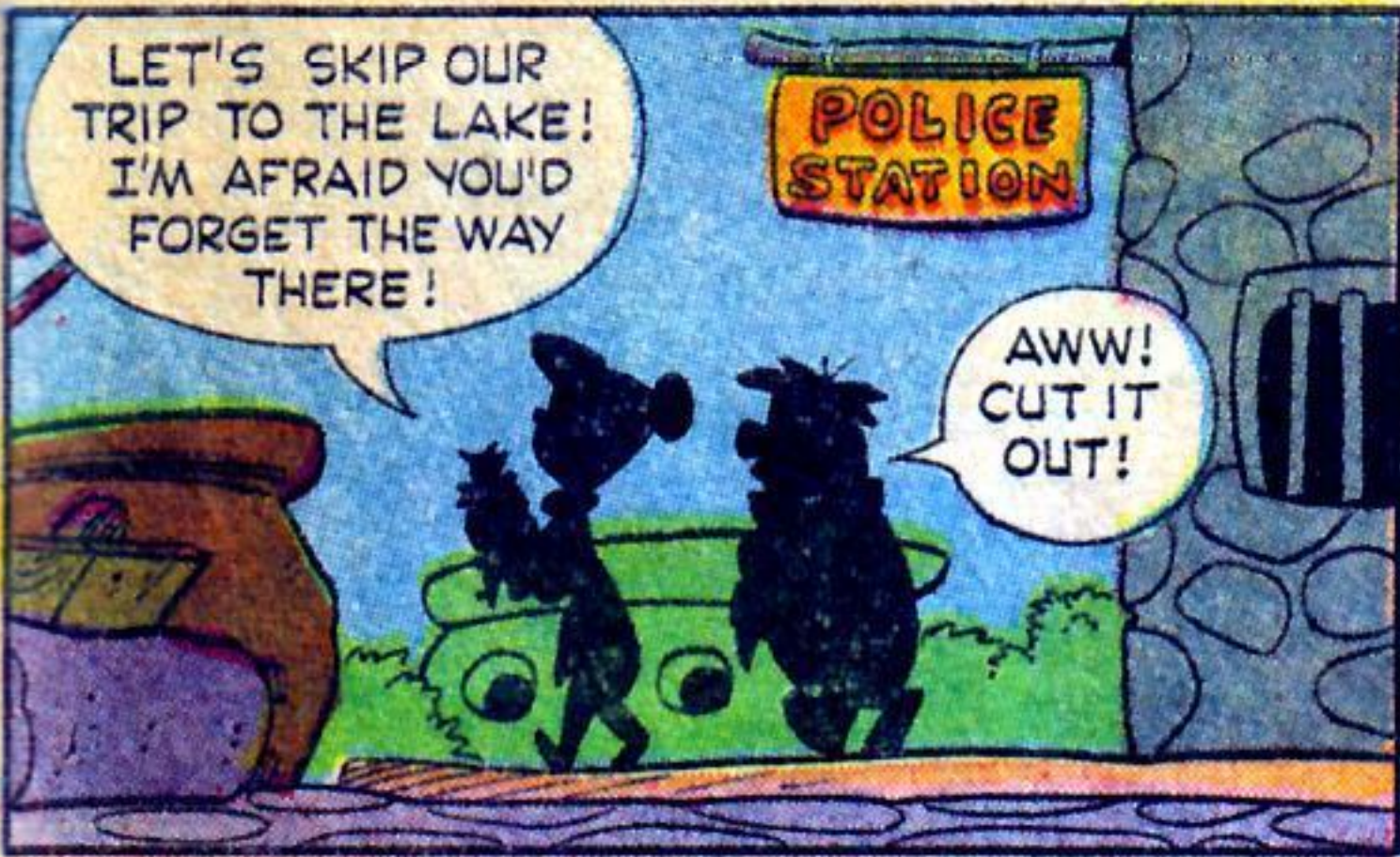
AT
LONG
LAST!

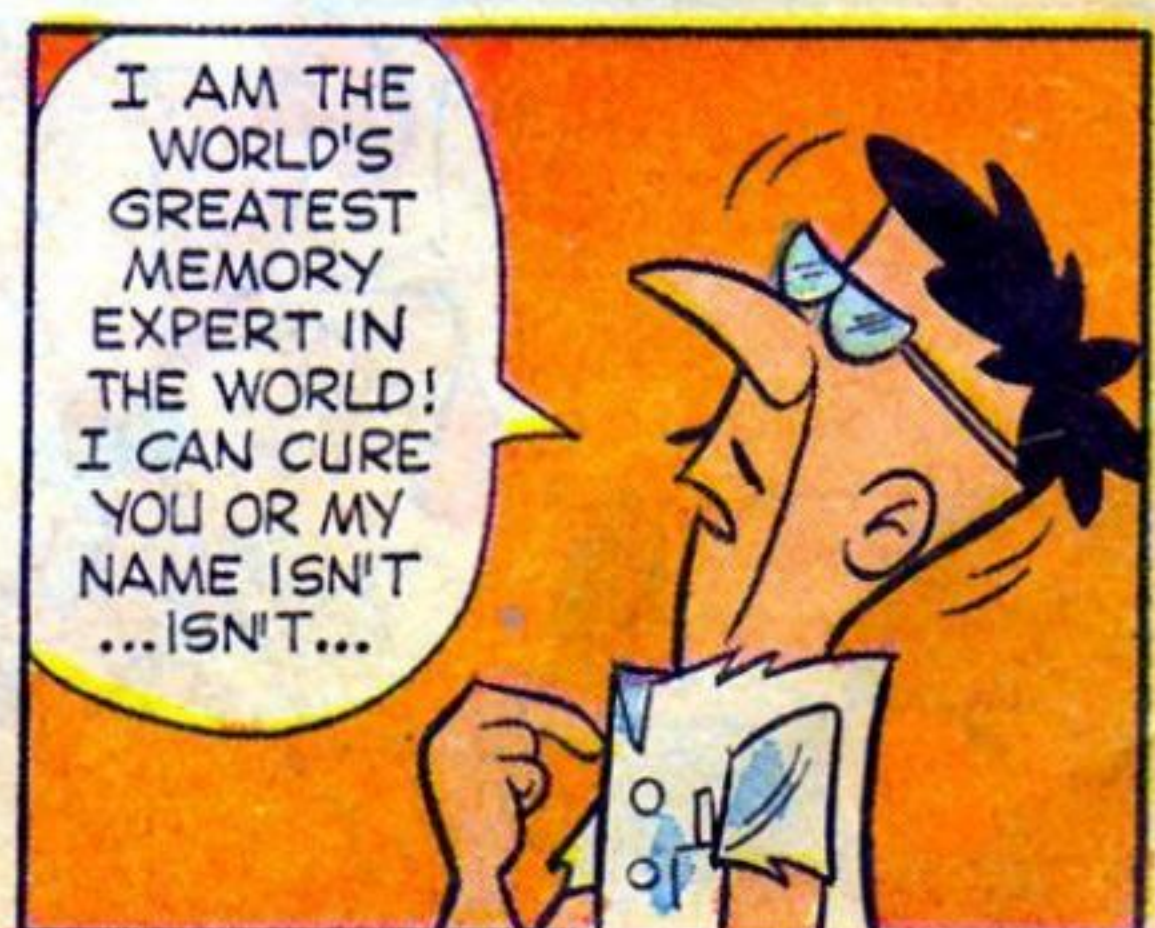


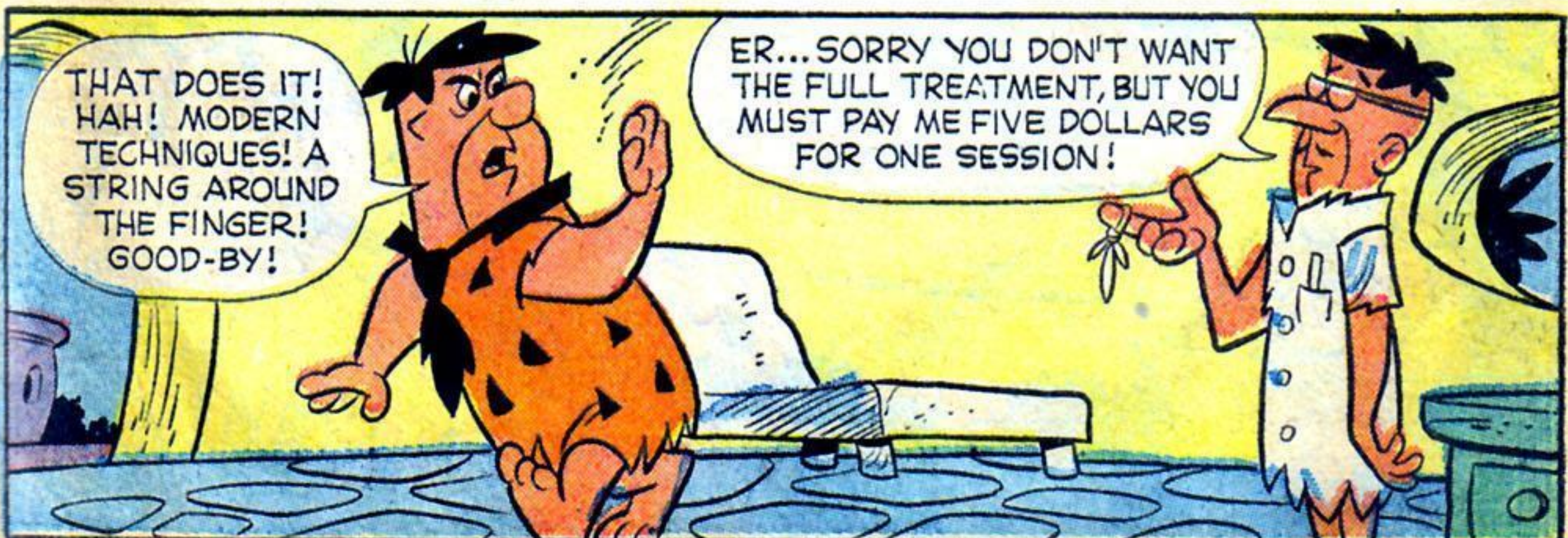
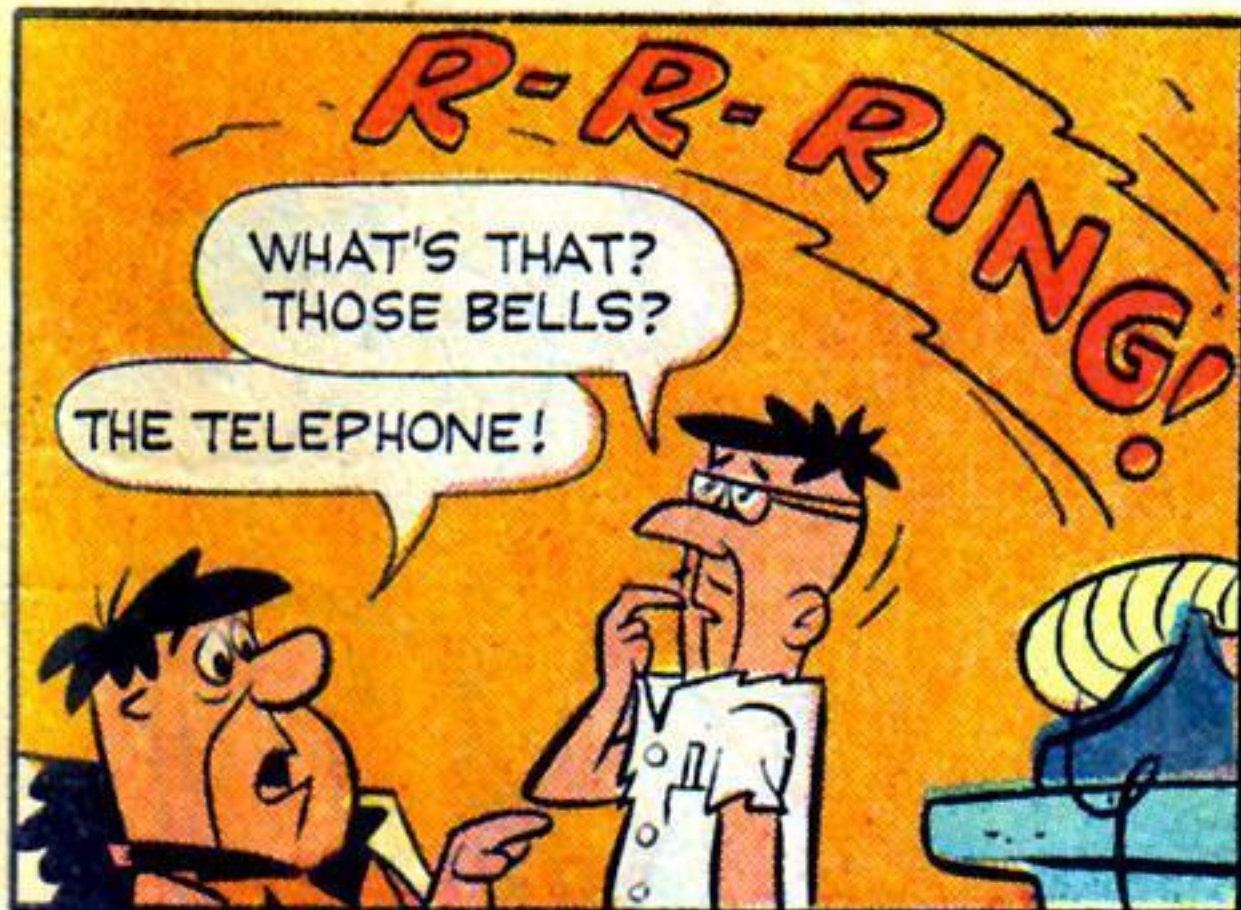
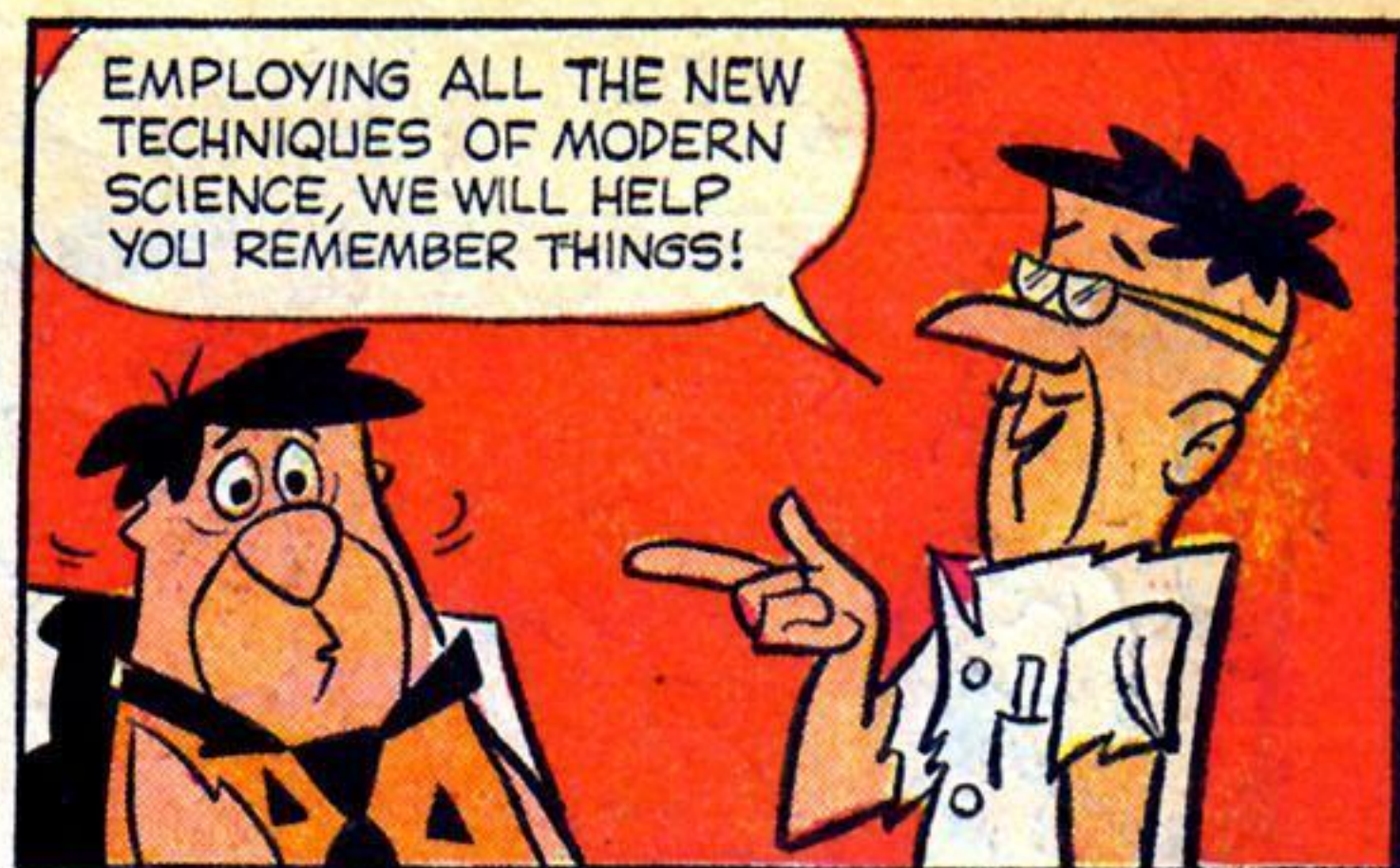












HEH-HEH! THAT'S ONE
THING I NEVER FORGET!

I'LL
BET!

BAH! I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO
RESIGN MYSELF TO WILMA'S
DECREE ABOUT NOT TAKING
PEBBLES FOR WALKS ALONE!

WAIT A
MINUTE! MAYBE
THE OLD STRING
ON THE FINGER
BIT WOULD
WORK, AFTER
ALL!

SHORTLY...

NO, FRED!
YOU'VE TRIED
TYING STRINGS
ON YOUR FINGERS
BEFORE, AND ALL
YOU WOUND UP
WITH WAS
STRINGY
FINGERS!

BUT I HAVEN'T TOLD YOU THE
WHOLE PLAN... PSST... PSST...

HMM!
I THINK
YOU'VE
FINALLY
HAD A
GOOD
IDEA!

SO...

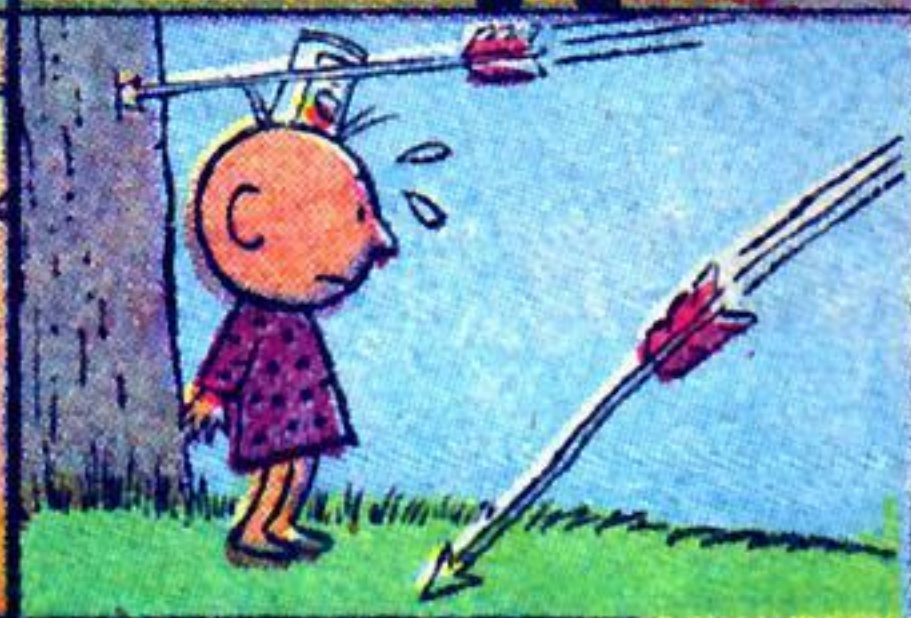
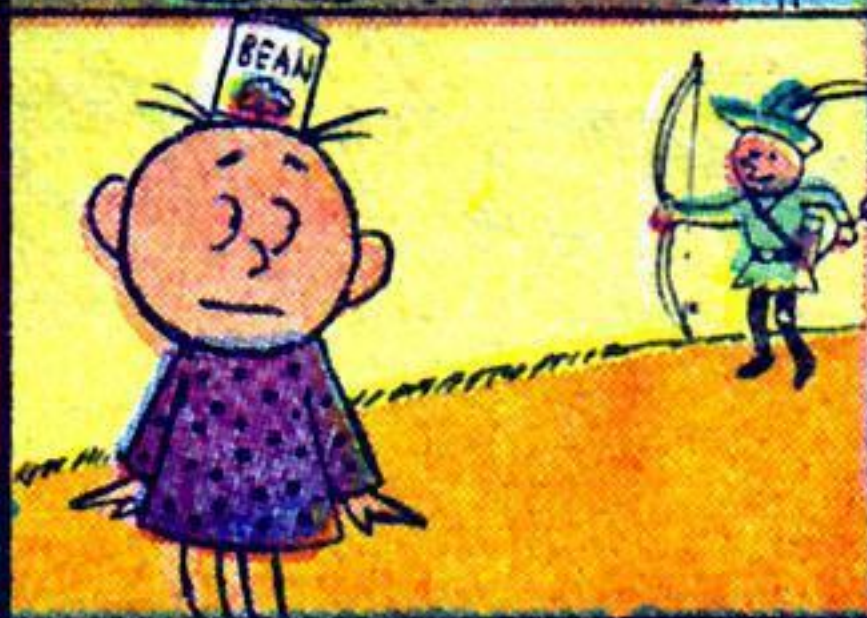
HEH-HEH!
A STRING ON
THE FINGER
IS A GOOD
WAY TO
REMEMBER
SOME-
THING...

... IF YOU KNOW WHERE TO TIE
THE OTHER END OF THE STRING!
YABBA- DABBA- DO!

the
End



MINI-COMICS



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